

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., TO COMMAND THE BRITISH FORCES IN NATAL.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The moral protest of the world against the wickedness at Rennes was inevitable; but it need not have taken unreasonable forms. All this talk about boycotting the Paris Exhibition is deplorably futile and undignified. There is dignity in protesting against the violation of justice by your neighbour; but where is the dignity of trying to injure his pocket? If you are simply denouncing in the name of humanity his open maltreatment of a member of his family, you must, at least, make it clear that you are disinterested. Now, one of the follies of the French is the widespread belief that foreigners are banded in a syndicate for the ruin of France. If you tell them that you mean to damage their trade, you will give them the strongest confirmation of this distrust. Moreover, the threat is so vain. Does any man really believe that the Exhibition will be appreciably worse for the withdrawal of a few exhibitors? Will there be any vacant spaces in the shops and the warehouses of the Great Fair? Will your commercial rivals in Germany and America refrain from pushing their wares in your absence? What is the good of a boycott which recoils upon the boycotters, and having defeated its own object, is regarded by the people it was intended to punish as another illustration of our perfidy and greed?

One angry gentleman proposes a self-denying ordinance to cut off the supply of champagne. Five military judges have condemned an innocent man; therefore let us penalise the wine trade of France by refusing to drink any more of that delectable, restorative, sadly expensive tonic which bubbles joyously in many an English glass. In Hyde Park I heard an orator adjuring the crowd never to set foot in Paris till the wrong to Captain Dreyfus had been redressed. They were requested to swear a mighty oath, in token whereof a few hats and umbrellas were held aloft. In the old days men would sometimes take vows never to shave or wash till some ideal had been achieved; and the consequence was that the sight and the smell of them were insupportable. I don't think I should enjoy the society of a devotee who had sworn never to drink champagne, or eat French beans, or go to Paris, until the verdict at Rennes was undone. He might be perfectly inoffensive; but his state of mind could not be conducive to a liberal exchange of ideas. What satisfaction would it afford to Captain Dreyfus to know that some sympathisers in England had given up champagne for his sake, or bound themselves by a vow to shun his native country? Would he not think these foreigners a little mad, and wish to goodness they had let his affairs alone?

I have friends who hold that the Dreyfus case is no business of ours, and that the French are the only nation entitled to have an opinion about it. This is a total misconception of the bonds of civilisation. Does not the rise or fall of a Ministry in Paris concern every bourse and every chancery in Europe? Has not the Dreyfus case influenced the whole public life in France for three years, and shaped the destinies of at least four Cabinets? How idle, then, to contend that it is not the business of any people save the French! Captain Dreyfus is really a symbol of the struggle between the civil power and the combined military and clerical powers. Civil justice has befriended him; military and clerical despotism has struck him down. Such a conflict may have the gravest bearing on the relations between France and other countries. If crime is to be justified by the "honour of the Army," who can say that the country where this monstrous assumption prevails may not become a danger to the general weal? There seems to me sufficient reason (apart from any consideration of humanity) why the world has not only a right, but even a duty, to interest itself in the fate of Dreyfus. Do not let this obligation, however, drive us into irrational excess, which will make it still more difficult for the champions of sound principles in France to fight their battle.

In a little Bohemian town a Jew has been condemned for the murder of a Christian girl. If it were an ordinary case of murder, we should have heard nothing about it. There are homicidal Jews, and this particular Jew, for some criminal motive of the familiar kind, might have killed a woman. But that is not the story from Kuttenberg. The accused has been condemned for murdering the victim in order to use her blood for the purposes of the Jewish ritual. There is a barbarous superstition in some parts of Europe that this is a Jewish practice. The superstition is not confined to ignorant peasants; it is shared by educated people in the Austrian Empire, and by the judges who tried the case at Kuttenberg. As it was shown that the body of the murdered woman was bloodless, this was taken as a proof that the blood had been put into a vessel for some horrible rite. Counsel for the defence disputed this assumption, and proposed to call evidence to show that no such practice prevailed among the Jews; but the presiding judge, like Colonel Jouaust, objected to testimony which would not square with the preconceived opinion of the Bench. At Rennes justice was deliberately sacrificed to military discipline; at Kuttenberg it is sacrificed to a crazy delusion which has come down from the Middle Ages. The Anti-Semitic party

in Austria, which has languished of late, is greatly encouraged by this incident, for it promises to stimulate a fresh agitation on the noble principle that it is a public duty to accuse Jews of shedding Christian blood for religious ceremonial, just as with some enlightened Frenchmen, it is a public duty to proclaim all Jews as traitors.

Perhaps I shall be told that it is an offence against international good manners to comment on this singular administration of law in Bohemia. No doubt it is an offence to the Austrian Jew-baiters; but no really intelligent subject of the Emperor Francis Joseph can resent it. A learned French abbé has, I understand, written a pamphlet against the English, in which he shows that we still sell our wives at Smithfield. When the stranger visits that busy mart, he is struck by the melancholy appearance of a number of women with halters round their necks. The learned abbé is not very well informed; but if he were to ransack our newspaper files he might find traces of this commercial enterprise. Yes, a British husband has been known in recent times to sell his wife for a pot of beer. In a novel of Thomas Hardy's, which I commend to the abbé's notice, a similar transaction forms the basis of the story. He may take this, if he likes, as a proof that the sale of wives is one of our national institutions. We shall not be offended; foreign criticism of English manners and customs never offends us. That, I believe, is the secret of the exasperation we excite so often in the Continental mind. Even if we had some fetish-worship, military or religious, in this country; even if some amiable propagandists had started the theory that Jack the Ripper was a Jew, who murdered women by way of religious sacrifice, I don't think we should have risen in a wave of patriotic frenzy against any nation that presumed to express its horror. Civilised people all the world over are interested in the maintenance of civilised principles; and the notion that some sanctity of patriotism attaches even to outrages on those principles, shielding them against the judgment of civilisation, is not the least of the heresies which must be vigorously combated.

In my time I have been a diligent reader of French novels; but I have never counted among their sins the stimulus to ferocious animosities. It is alleged now that they are responsible for the popular temper in France. Well, the trouble with that temper is that it is indifferent to evidence which conflicts with its prejudices. What on earth has this characteristic to do with the rather too lively stories of M. Marcel Prévost? The ferocity which has marked the struggle in France has been directly preached by journals with an enormous circulation, by the *Croix*, the *Petit Journal*, the *Libre Parole*. These prints are under religious patronage. Their subscribers would not dream of reading Marcel Prévost; and yet they are in every way so abominable that if they were published in England, no decent householder would take them in, and the law would promptly prosecute them. The French novel is too often an unclean thing; but it is not so unclean as the fanaticism of Drumont, Judet, and Father Bailly, the three most evil spirits of the French Press. It is not the novel that spreads moral poison through large sections of French society in which novels are never read; it is the atrocious lying and filthy invective of journalists who profess and parade the religion of Christ.

May I beg the excellent lady who writes verses, and pays for their publication as advertisements in the *Times*, to arrest the disappearance of the moustache from the British Army? The Secretary for War is doing his best. He has issued a circular reprimanding the young officers who shave the upper lip, and calling the attention of their regimental superiors to a grave breach of the Queen's regulations. This is very well; but it needs the aid of poetry. I implore Miss Jane Oakley to hasten to the rescue of our military prestige. Mr. Anstey, in one of his music-hall lyrics, makes a young Guardsman sing—

We're Hughies, Berties, Archies,  
In the Guards, don't ye know!  
With our silken long moustaches,  
In the Guards, don't ye know!

Those silken long moustaches will vanish from the Guards, dear Miss Oakley, unless your inspired Muse makes them sprout again. Why not send to the *Times* an appeal like this—

If the Briton takes to shaving  
His haughty upper lip,  
When the foemen come a-raving,  
Can we smite them on the hip?  
Can we smite them on the hip, boys,  
And lay their banners low,  
If our silken long moustaches  
Are forbidden for to grow?  
If Britons take to shaving,  
Where will be the Lion's mane—  
The mane that we've been waving  
Throughout Victoria's reign?  
Throughout Victoria's reign, boys,  
On many a distant shore,  
If our upper lips stop bristling,  
How can the Lion roar?

There is a slight mixing up here of the mane and the moustache, the lip and the back of the head; but Miss Oakley will agree with me that this is no occasion for mere literary criticism.

## A LOOK ROUND.

It is hard for Ministers, when the country is at its loveliest this mellow September, to have to return to town to hold yet another Cabinet Council to consider the Boer Trouble. But they may find some solace in the fact that London is not altogether unlovely. Whatever reply Lord Salisbury and his colleagues may make to the latest diplomatic note from President Kruger, it is satisfactory to know that England is ready to back up her arguments, if necessary, by force. As was stated in the Queen's Speech, the "unrest" in the Transvaal "is a constant source of danger to the peace and prosperity of Her Majesty's dominions in South Africa"; and the rapid despatch of British troops to the Cape is calculated at once to bring the Boers to reason and to remind certain atrabilious home critics that the Government is animated by the patriotic spirit which rings through Tennyson's last Ode to the Queen—

The loyal to their Crown  
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love  
Our Ocean Empire with her boundless homes,  
For ever broadening England and her Throne  
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,  
That knows not her own greatness.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has given a lion to the Zoological Gardens of Pretoria. A Farmers' Conference was recently held at Cape Town, at which delegates from the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were present. Compliments passed, and, in the course of talk, the Boer delegates, who had been speaking of the lack of a good lion in the Zoo, received the offer which Mr. Rhodes has since made good. Just at the moment the gift, if it had come about less naturally, might be suspected of a rather sardonic symbolism.

The forthcoming great yachting event in American waters is creating an amount of excitement altogether unprecedented in the annals of the race. This is not very difficult to understand. Sir Thomas Lipton joined the ranks of yacht-racers in order that the contest should not fall through, as it seemed likely to do, for want of a challenger. Lavish expenditure followed, so that nothing should be left undone in the effort to regain the Cup for the Britisher. These are circumstances that have appealed strongly to our brethren across the Atlantic, who are never slow to appreciate "real grit." They have given Sir Thomas the warmest of welcomes; and the best way the good people of the great continent can show their sincerity is to do their utmost to secure for the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock* a clear course. With the pluck of a true sportsman, Sir Thomas Lipton has resolved that if unsuccessful next month he will return year after year until the Cup is again won for England.

It would almost appear that the great Anglo-American race alluded to in the foregoing paragraph had not a little to do with the success of Runjitsinhji in getting together the team now on their way to America. At any rate, arrangements have been made for them to view the yacht race. It is the strongest combination that has ever gone from England to the United States, and under ordinary circumstances cricketers in America must have felt highly complimented. What they are sure to do is to give the Indian Prince and his powerful batting side a hearty reception, and if they can give them a beating as well, why, so much the better for cricket on "the other side."

The rapidly waning racing season will be marked in Turf history by the great invasion of this country by American horses, American owners, and American jockeys. Several large consignments of Yankee youngsters have reached our shores of late, and there is every promise that next season we shall see a much keener opposition upon our racecourses than we have had yet. It is not a little curious that in the midst of this American revival news comes to hand from the United States which forcibly recalls to mind the famous Yankee year of 1881, when the Derby and St. Leger, like the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, were won by American horses.

The news referred to is the death of Iroquois, who won the Derby and St. Leger in that year for Mr. Pierre Lorillard; when also Mr. Keen's brilliant handicap performer, Foxhall, won both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and established a record by winning the latter as a three-year-old with the burden of nine stone. Iroquois was the famous son of a famous sire, being by the imported English horse Leamington from Maggie B.B. Both these celebrities are buried at the Erdenheim stud farm, near Philadelphia, where Iroquois was born. In his early stud career, Iroquois was very successful, but of his later offspring, some of which were sent over to England and submitted to sale at Newmarket last July, the yearlings seemed very backward, and the sale was a poor one. Iroquois was the only American horse that has won the Derby. Next season, however, we may possibly see another in Democrat, the winner of the Champagne Stakes at the last Doncaster Meeting (portrayed in *The Sketch* of last week), and one of the most promising of this year's two-year-olds.

In connection with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, several of the most promising candidates have engagements at Manchester this week, and we may see an alteration in their position in public estimation. So far the Irish candidate, Irish Ivy, seems to be very dangerous for the larger race. Slowburn's chance seems extinguished by his hollow defeat at Pontefract this week.

## RELEASE OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

We rejoice to hear that the resolve of the French Government to pardon Captain Dreyfus was quickly followed by his release. He left Rennes in the small hours of Wednesday morning, and proceeded to Nantes. Almost all the Paris newspapers, but particularly the revisionist organs, express satisfaction at the pardon accorded to the grievously tried military martyr.



## LONDON IN LEAF.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The leaf has not yet fallen in London town. It is yellowing in our silent squares; it is reddening on the walls of home. But this leaf of comfort and eternal beauty seems to linger longer with us than ever this year of years. No one dreamed that it would be so. One would have thought that the long drought, the abnormal heat, the endless summer-time would have parched and cracked and fissured our favourite London leaves, and ere their time sent them down in gusts and showers of beautiful decay. But I must not boast.

I remember once I was a visitor at an ancestral home in France, where my host grew vineyards and made choice wines, and treated his guests in the princely style of old. We had assembled for the "vendanges" or grape-picking; and one evening when the villagers, all in their Sunday best, had come up to the great ancestral hall full of congratulations on Nature's success and profit, and had been treated to the "wine of honour," and had presented our lovely hostess with a bouquet of the last garden flowers of the year, she and I wandered in the rows of the vineyards denuded of their fruit. What a lovely evening it was! The last rays of the sunshine seemed to warm and console the poor divorced leaves; there was no chill of winter in the autumn air. On and on we wandered, little dreaming or suspecting that this beauty of verdure would ever die. And so we came back after our walk consoled and comforted. At midnight I opened my window at this old chateau, and the "full moon" as well as the "white evening star" consoled with our favourite vineyard. They both conspired to make this green oasis more beautiful than ever. It seemed a sin to close the window, and with it shut out so much loveliness.

In the middle of the night I was conscious of a change. A chill had settled on the room, and I awoke with a sense of shuddering. It seemed as if the spirit of winter had hovered round the bed. But I shook it all off as one does with an ugly nightmare, and turned to sleep again. But when, aided with the morning light, I looked out of the window of the old chateau, behold, what a marvellous change! The smiling vineyard of yesterday was cold and bare and desolate. Not a leaf remained to mark the path where we had wandered. Nothing but stalks and twigs shuddering and shivering in the keen autumn air—grim ghosts of the departed summer. It was a gaunt transformation scene.

In London it is not so bad as that. We have our warning time. I do not think that Londoners are ever half grateful enough for two great gifts of Nature—the plane-tree and the Virginia creeper. No tree ever planted was more faithful to the city than the plane. It puts forth its leaves for our delight quicker in London than in the country. We who are imprisoned there see the first of the leaf, and we see also the latest of the fall. As you know, the plane-tree sheds its bark and so rids itself of smoke and dirt and defilement. The agony of the city does not hurt it, and so it must have been specially given by God to help us on our yearly pilgrimage. As I write now, the plane-trees full of leaf are swaying and sighing in our London square—great, tall, comforting trees that distract our thoughts from the storm and stress and strife of London town.

And we have also—bless it!—the Virginia creeper, that seems to love London as much as the plane-trees do. For it comes first and remains the last. It twines itself consolingly around our London windows and clings caressingly to the walls of home, and festoons itself coquettishly about the despoiled area railings, giving some comfort of the eye to drive away despair of the heart.

Another thought brood of these bright autumn days! Have you ever noticed how the country rest, or travel, or change of scene, or what not, seems to humanise our fellow-men?

We are more cheery as we meet in our lovely parks, in Piccadilly, or in Bond Street. Life is no more a bore; it is somehow a delight. We are not so weary as we were in the height of the season. We are kinder and more charitable to one another. You will notice this impression most—it may be true or false, according to temperament—when you all foregather at the club. Each member seems glad to meet the other. There is no cold shouldering or dejection or depression. Everyone has some tale to tell, some story to relate, some experience to record. In the smoking-room they gather together in knots and groups, and, be sure of it, in some corner or another will be seen some good fellow bound for distant service at the Cape, to fight for Queen and country, comforted by the companionship of his comrades in the best sense of the word—in fact, his "pals"—a splendid term, dear to all Englishmen.

Now do not be surprised if I advance an old theory of mine which some may think extreme, but I firmly believe to be true. War is very terrible, but does it not bring out the noble qualities of a nation; does it not arouse again what we have lost in a long sensuous dream—the quality of chivalry? Does not a war, with its hideous privations and its sublime unselfishness, clear the tainted air of over-civilisation? We have been enjoying a period of complete rest and of absolute indifference. Look at our deplorable plays, our unworthy novels, our tainted literature, our sublimed selfishness! Does not a war, with its courage of brave men, its devotion of good women, its self-denial, its heroism on the part of those who mourn and those who pray, sometimes clear the air of a miasmatic poison bred of mere idleness? The courage of Englishmen can never die; the splendid qualities of Englishwomen are eternal. But both have fallen into drowsiness or sleep. There is a healthy excitement in the air, and it forebodes nothing but good.

I have noticed another thing in my wanderings in the "long, unlovely streets" of London; in its squares and parks and gardens and in its clubs. Go to the clubs, go to the street-corners, meet in the parks, foregather at the dinner-tables, and you will find that the world is kinder, that hearts are more tender, that souls have been chastened by the grand agony and martyrdom of Alfred Dreyfus—the friend of humanity; to-morrow, mayhap, the honoured guest of England!

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

A TYPICAL DRURY LANE DRAMA.

By this time the theatrical public knows what to expect of a fresh success at Drury Lane. Spectacle photographic in its accuracy, sensation duly subordinated to scenic display; these are the main features of the latest Drury Lane drama "Hearts are Trumps," as of its many predecessors.

You may wonder what subtle fascination there can be for playgoers in careful reproductions of a flower fete at the Botanic Gardens, a Private View of the Academy, a milliner's salon in Bond Street, or the stage and auditorium of a music-hall—things that they have seen off the stage a score of times without much interest, but which when set behind the footlights provoke a strange enthusiasm. Yet the taste for such sham-realism exists, and so Mr. Arthur Collins is to be congratulated on the magnificence of his newest stage-pictures. And Mr. Cecil Raleigh, who, like all playwrights for Old Drury, must write his story round the scenario, deserves even warmer felicitations, in that he has almost succeeded, despite so many limitations, in constructing a compact and emotionally interesting stage-play.

Starting with such themes as the gambling craze and the temptations of life-insurances, he has hit also on the notion of an artist painting a compromising picture of a young Society girl, and the admirably worked Academy scene, wherein Lady Winifred tears the vile canvas from its frame and avows herself Dora's mother, marks the dramatic climax of the piece. More popularly effective is another exciting passage, which takes place on a music-hall stage, and allows a full view of a miniature hall—boxes, stalls, gallery, bars, attendants, and packed audience complete. After this episode, however, and its quaint studies of variety artists, dullness reigns. A concluding act showing an attempted murder on the Dent Blanche is stupid and unconvincing, and the long-promised picture of an Alpine avalanche proves somewhat disappointing. Still, some really dramatic episodes, improved technique, forcible dialogue, and a realistic portrait of a music-hall singer are things to be thankful for at Drury Lane, and the acting is of distinctly high quality.

To Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who shows as the distressed mother and impoverished grande dame a breadth of style and declamatory passion that are very welcome, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who spares us none of the vulgarity and slanginess of the good-natured variety "star," fell the acting honours of Saturday last, though Mr. Lionel Brough, in a serious role, deserves praise for his sober treatment of the very melodramatic character of an avenger. But the play lasted far too long—nearly five hours, in fact. Mr. Collins must learn to distinguish between a first night and a rehearsal!

For this week have been reserved, perhaps, the two most important productions of the dramatic season. Notice, however, of both Mr. Tree's magnificent revival of "King John" and Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Campbell's reappearance in "The Moonlight Blossom" is necessarily deferred till our next issue. Probably, no such fine stage spectacles and strong cast as those afforded at Her Majesty's have ever previously graced "King John," and rarely have two such popular artists as those associated at the Prince of Wales's been concerned with an enterprise from which so much has been anticipated as Mr. C. B. Fernald's Japanese romantic tragedy—a play wholly Oriental in colour.

Playgoers, however, may be reminded that Mr. Tree is not the only actor-manager relying just now on Shakspeare. Mr. Murray Carson, with commendable enterprise, has opened what bids fair to be a stock company season at the Kennington Theatre, and has begun a worthy campaign with a reproduction of "Richard III.," noticeable for its sensible mounting, its reverent treatment of the text, and its respectable level of acting. It may be added that Mr. Curzon's own impersonation of the Crookback King, while effective from an elocutionary standpoint, is not too subtle or strong in characterisation.

Another new manager, Mr. Frank Curzon, acting for Miss Granville, proposes introducing to-night to the patrons of the Avenue Mr. Kinsey Peile's light comedy, "An Interrupted Honeymoon," and with this fixture the theatrical engagements of a busy week will be concluded.

Whether West-End managers like it or not, the suburban playhouses are steadily growing in number. Balham, for instance, has now a beautiful theatre of its own, the Duchess's, formerly blessed by Mr. Wyndham, and open this week to lovers of "The Geisha;" while farther out, performances of "As You Like It" mark the establishment of a new Theatre Royal at Richmond.

Meantime, in at least two suburbs there is direct competition with the west. The Metropole is now quite famous for its first nights and revivals, and Mr. Fred Terry, this week playing "Jim the Penman," gives place on Monday to a new military play styled "Boy Bob." At Kennington, too, Mr. Carson proposes producing soon another Shakspearean play, "King Henry V.," once contemplated by Mr. Alexander, and staging a new comedy as well as Mr. Louis Parker's "Lancelot of the Lake." Herein Mr. Carson would cast himself for Mordred.

It is probably eight years since Mr. Charles Morton, hailed even then by Mr. Clement Scott's address as "master of music-halls and grand old man," was testimonialised at a big Alhambra matinee. Now Mr. Morton is eighty, and thanks to temperate habits and perhaps avoidance of tobacco, is still able to direct brilliantly a variety theatre. Mr. Morton, who is all for a refined music-hall, nay musical entertainment, has been associated with five famous variety-houses—the Canterbury, the Oxford, the Alhambra, the Tivoli, and Palace. His greatest success has been secured in his last and present management, so rightly the Palace was selected on Thursday as the scene of another, and this a birthday benefit.

## LONDON BRIGHTON AND FORTH COAST RAILWAY.

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**HASTINGS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE**—Direct Train from Victoria 11 a.m. to Bexhill without calling, arrive 12.40 p.m. and Hastings 12.50 p.m. 7.10 p.m. arrives Eastbourne 12.50 p.m.

| From             | To       |         |            |          |            |          |            |          |            |          |
|------------------|----------|---------|------------|----------|------------|----------|------------|----------|------------|----------|
|                  | Hastings | Bexhill | Eastbourne | Brighton | Eastbourne | Brighton | Eastbourne | Brighton | Eastbourne | Brighton |
| Victoria         | 8.10     | 8.30    | 8.40       | 8.50     | 9.00       | 9.10     | 9.20       | 9.30     | 9.40       | 9.50     |
| Kingston         | 8.15     | 8.35    | 8.45       | 8.55     | 9.05       | 9.15     | 9.25       | 9.35     | 9.45       | 9.55     |
| Clapham Junction | 8.20     | 8.40    | 8.50       | 9.00     | 9.10       | 9.20     | 9.30       | 9.40     | 9.50       | 10.00    |
| London Bridge    | 8.25     | 8.45    | 8.55       | 9.05     | 9.15       | 9.25     | 9.35       | 9.45     | 9.55       | 10.05    |

① Addition Road, A.—Every Week-day in Sept. 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. B.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. C.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. D.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. E.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. F.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. G.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. H.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. I.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. J.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. K.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. L.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. M.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. N.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. O.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. P.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. Q.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. R.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. S.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. T.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. U.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. V.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. W.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. X.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. Y.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45. Z.—Every Week-day, 12.30, 3.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45.

SEASIDE FOR WEEK-END.—EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, from London and Suburban Stations.—Tickets available up to Tuesday Evening. For full particulars see Handbills, or apply to the Superintendent of the Line, L. B. & S. Ry., London Bridge Terminus.

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## ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISE

By their Steam-ship LUSITANIA, 3022 tons register, 4000 h.p.

To the MEDITERRANEAN.

Embarking Passengers at Villefranche (Nice) on Oct. 5.

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The following places will be visited: SYDRAUSE, PIREUS (for Athens, Eleusis, &c.), CONSTANTINOPLE, PATMOS, GADIRA (Crete), MALTA, ALGERIES, GIBRALTAR.

The Steamer will arrive back in London on Oct. 30.

High-class Cuisine, String Band, &c.

Managers: F. GREEN & CO., Harwich. Head Office: F. GREEN & CO., Harwich.

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Admission is. Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

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## "SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA,"

In the EMPRESS THEATRE.

GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION.

Depicted by F. H. Monster Argonaut.

Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m.

Thousands of Reserved Seats at 1s., 2s., 3s., and 4s.

One Thousand Monkeys, Elephants, Swans, Hottentots, Cape and Transvaal Beers, Bushy Fruits, Zebras, Wildbeasts, African Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Baboons, Wild Dogs, and a Host of Elephants.

THE ORIGINAL GIBBER STAGE CAVES.

WILSON'S HEROIC DEATH AT SHANGHAI.

SEE THE KAFFIR KRAAL, PROFILED BY 200 NATIVES.

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THE NATAL INFANTRY ON FIELD SERVICE.

*Natal is defended by (in addition to the British troops) a body of mounted police, 400 strong, and a volunteer infantry force of 1391 men. There is also a naval volunteer corps. The colony contributes about £40,000 annually to the expense of the volunteers.*





1. As at Waterloo. 2. Home Service. 3. Active Service.

THE FIRST (ROYAL) REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS, HELD IN READINESS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE.

The present-day home service uniform is a scarlet tunic, with blue-black facings and yellow cord. The head-dress consists of a steel helmet with brass mountings, and a black horsehair plume. White gauntlet gloves, dark blue pantaloons with a yellow stripe, regulation jack-boots and strap-spurs complete the equipment. The men carry sword, carbine, and lance.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR G. S. WHITE.**  
Lieutenant-General Sir George Stewart White, V.C., has had a brilliant military career, particularly in India. Fortune did not seem to smile on him quite at first, and he was only a Major when, in 1878, after twenty-five years in the Army, he served with the Gordon Highlanders in the Afghan War. He was present at the occupation of Kabul, whence he made the famous march to Kandahar, in the relief of which he was associated with Lord Roberts. He commanded a brigade in Burma in 1885, and his connection with the recent North-West Frontier Campaign is fresh in the national recollection. Sir George (who is one of the many Generals furnished by Ireland to the British Army) returned from India in 1898 as Quarter-master-General to the Forces; and it is at the age of sixty-four that he takes up his new duties as commander of the forces in Natal.

## THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

This week we include among our Illustrations a characteristic group of the Gordon Highlanders, the 1st Battalion of which was presented with new colours by the Prince of Wales on Sept. 18. The ceremony took place in a field near Brailley House, the residence of Sir Allan Mackenzie of Glenmuick. The battalion was under the command of Colonel Downman. The Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York, was received by a general salute and the National Anthem. The old colours were handed by the Lieutenants to two Colour-Sergeants, while the band played "Auld Lang Syne." The new colours were consecrated by the Rev. J. Robertson. The Queen's colour was next handed to the Prince of Wales, from whom the senior Lieutenant received it kneeling. The regimental colour was, with similar ceremony, entrusted to the officer next in seniority. The Prince addressed the battalion, commending the colours to its care, and alluding to the memorable achievement of the Dargai Heights.

## NEW QUICK-FIRING MOUNTAIN-GUN FOR THE CAPE.

Much interest is being excited by the new armaments now being devised for both the Boer and the British forces in

## THE 1ST ROYAL REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS.

This famous regiment, that claims H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany as its Colonel-in-Chief, and is among those which may any day be ordered to South Africa, originated in the seventeenth century. On the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza, the Queen brought as her dowry the city of Tangiers and the island of Bombay. A garrison was formed to occupy



THE BADGE OF THE 1ST ROYAL DRAGOONS.

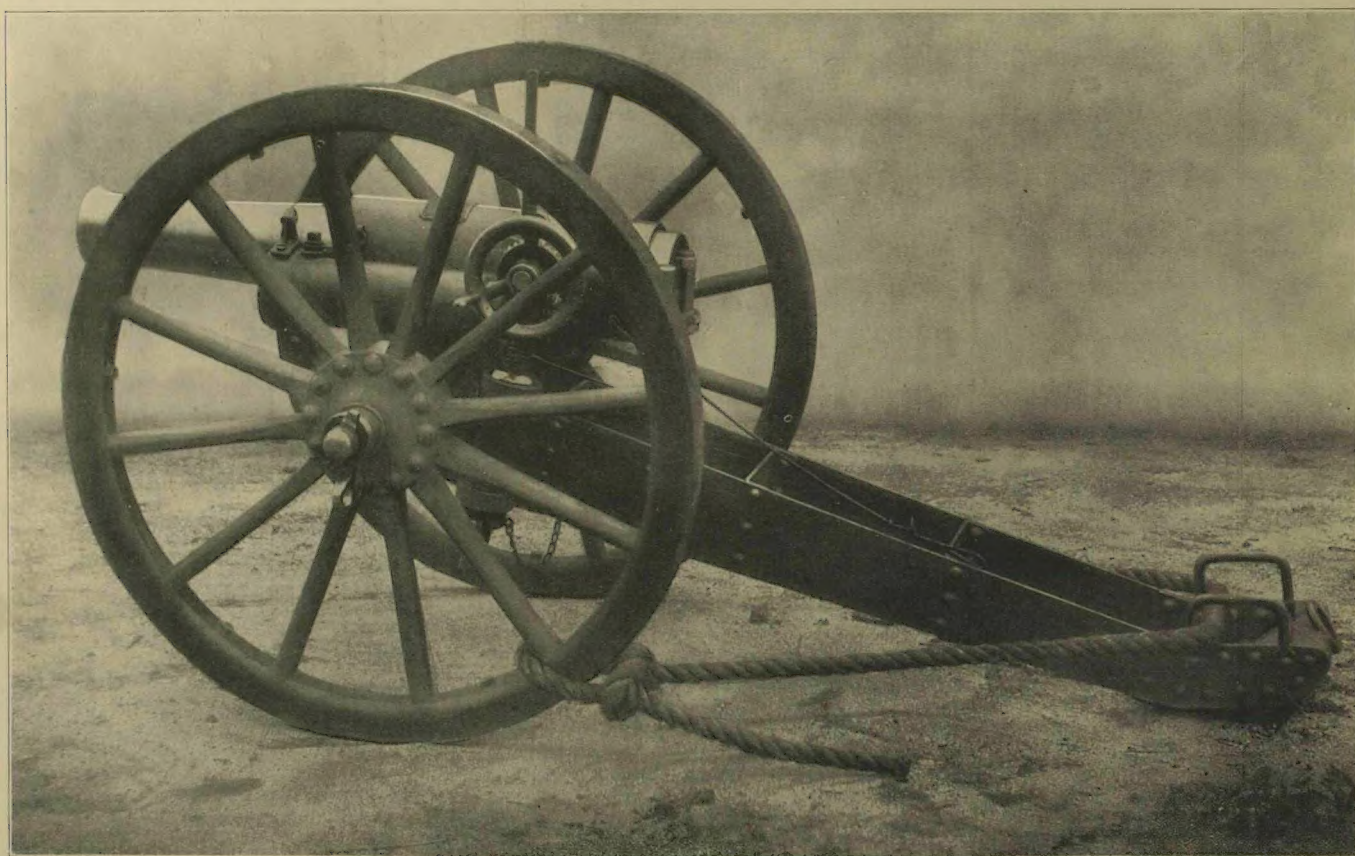
the former place, consisting of four regiments of foot and a troop of "Horse." In 1662 they embarked for Tangiers, where, during a twenty-two years' residence, they had many formidable engagements with the Moors. Before returning, two fresh troops were added, the whole being under the command of John, Baron Churchill, as the King's Own Regiment of Dragoons. In 1664, their title was modified to the Royal Regiment of Dragoons. They were present at Sedgemoor, and escorted the Duke of Monmouth to London after his capture. Under Duke Schomberg, they served with the Army in Ireland. They were in the Netherlands in 1692-99. In 1703 they embarked for Portugal, where they were present at the siege of Barcelona. At Dettingen this regiment captured the standard of the Black Musketeers.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT DOVER.

The meeting, at Dover, of the British Association, particularly interesting in itself, was rendered doubly so by being made the timely occasion of a reunion between English and French men of science. The event of the session was the visit to our shores of three hundred members of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, holding simultaneously its sittings at Boulogne. At least two hundred of the visitors went up to Dover Castle, where the Keep, the King's Gate, the Constable's Tower, the Roman Ditch, St. Mary's in the Castle, were duly examined. Both politeness and the serious interest of the subject led a large number of Frenchmen, with a sprinkling of Belgians, to the hall in which Sir Archibald Geikie addressed the Geological Section on the Age of the World.

## SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Our Illustrations this week will give readers a vivid picture of scenes in South Africa that are likely before long, if the cause of peace does not prosper, to be of absorbing interest to all who follow with eager attention the onward and irresistible march of the British Empire. At Durban, the great port of Natal, where the Liverpool and Lancashire Regiments have already arrived, there will soon be arriving transport after transport conveying 10,000 troops from British India. If war does come, let us hope that soon the British soldiers will hear at Elandsfontein Junction the rousing cry of "Change here for Johannesburg!" From the Telephone Tower in the Gold Reef City, which is shown in our Illustration, messages may be sent ere long for which England and all Europe will be anxiously waiting. But great were the pity if the splendid hospital at Johannesburg should be converted from its original and peaceful use. Readers will observe, near the top of the picture of Kruger's Waterfall, the curious lion's head and mane, formed of natural rock and foliage, which appears to guard the cataract. Immediately behind the hospital of which we have spoken is the principal fortress of Johannesburg, seen in another Illustration. The men working on the top of the mound, under the supervision of Boers armed with rifles, are convicts who, in April of the present year, covered the whole fortification with turf. Above this fortress appear our Illustrations of Majuba Hill, where we suffered our miserable, but greatly exaggerated, reverse in the last Boer War. Near Majuba is Laing's Nek, one of the most important points in the coming campaign, if campaign there



MAXIM-NORDENFELDT QUICK-FIRING MOUNTAIN-GUN FOR THE CAPE.

South Africa. The Boers are said to be delighted with their new Mauser rifles, and are relying greatly on their efficiency should war result from the present negotiations. But in the new Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-firing mountain-gun Britain has a weapon the supreme value of which has been proved to her in her experience of hill-warfare on the North-West Frontier of India. The supreme value of the new quick-firer consists in its combination of great lightness with terrible power of execution. The weight of the gun itself is only 2 cwt., while that of the gun-carriage is only 3½ cwt. But its calibre is 2.95 inches, and it can fire a projectile of 9½ lb. at the rate of twenty per minute. The length of the gun is only about 3 ft. 3 in., while its muzzle velocity is 1150 ft. per second. A terrible little weapon, in truth—among ordinary firearms what the torpedo-boat is among ironclads.

Despite their long and continuous service, this is the first name that appears on their battle-roll. They were to the fore at Fontenoy, after which they returned to England. In 1760 they again served in Germany, and once more were seen at Portugal in 1809, where they fought at Torres Vedras, Valencia, Almanza, Saragossa, d'Alcantara, and other battles, thereby gaining the right of adding "Peninsula" to their honours. At their first charge at Waterloo they made a brilliant dash, capturing the eagle of the 105th Regiment of the Line. "The Royals" formed part of the Heavy Brigade under General Scarlett in the Crimea, and for their gallant conduct at Balaclava they were authorised to bear the names "Balaclava" and "Sevastopol" on the guidons, which, however, in 1858 were no longer carried by each squadron, one doing duty for the entire regiment.

should be. "Nek" is used in the Transvaal in the same sense as "kotal" is used on the Afghan frontier—to denote the saddle or depression between two lofty ridges. Laing's Nek, then, is the lowest point in an unbroken ridge connecting Majuba Mountain with the hills that run right up to the river Buffalo, and, as such, is the chief natural passage between the Transvaal and Natal. A detachment of Boer Artillery, with fourteen guns, has taken up its position at Volksrust, threatening the Nek, and British troops are hurrying up to the frontier to be ready to defend the passage. Under these circumstances, it is comforting to look at the picture of Simonstown Naval Station, the headquarters of the South African Squadron, for it is on the Naval Supremacy, of which this picture is the emblem, that Britain's power rests at the present juncture.



## PERSONAL.

By a sad coincidence the death of M. Scheurer-Kestner was announced with the official news of the "pardon" to Captain Dreyfus. M. Scheurer-Kestner, like other distinguished Dreyfusards, was an Alsatian. He began to have doubts of the judgment of the first court-martial in November 1897. Wholly unavailing efforts to obtain from General Billot, a personal friend, any proof of the guilt of Dreyfus M. Scheurer-Kestner to the conclusion that there had been a gross miscarriage of justice. He stated his views to the Senate in December 1897, and was derided. Since then he has seen the cause he espoused make great strides towards victory, and it is deeply to be regretted that he has not lived to see the inevitable rehabilitation of the martyr.

Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, who has been appointed Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth, was born in 1844, and entered the Navy in 1859. In 1866 he was promoted Lieutenant, becoming Commander ten years later, and Captain in 1883. In December of last year he was appointed Rear-Admiral. He served in the *Challenger* Surveying Expedition from 1872 to 1875, and in the Arctic Expedition with Nares in 1875-76. He was decorated with the Arctic Medal, and in November 1894 was awarded a Captain's good-service pension.

His practical knowledge and mastery of detail will be invaluable to him as Admiral-Superintendent.

The Orleanist conspiracy unfolded by the Procureur-Général is an incredibly silly business; yet it is just the incredible which commonly happens in France. Desperate efforts were made by Guérin and others to inflame every popular passion that might tend to a revolution. The murder of a Jewish Prefect was suggested as a nice preliminary to a Royalist Restoration. Money was plentiful, but it did not come out of the pocket of the Duke of Orleans. He preferred to use the purses of the foolish women who are always to the fore in plots of this kind. He hovered on the frontier when his partisans were meditating the assault on President Loubet's hat at Anteuil. Then he wrote a sorrowful letter to the effect that he centred his hopes in the "frightful crisis" that must follow the Exhibition. The Republic is likely to take care that whatever crisis may arise, this extremely uninteresting adventurer shall not profit by it.

There is one part of France where Anti-Semitism has no hold. In the little town of Lodignan, in the Department of the Gard, the municipality have christened a street Rue Alfred Dreyfus. All honour to Lodignan! We never heard of it before, but it ought to be conspicuous now in every map of France.

Musical circles have lost an interesting figure by the death of Mr. Benjamin Wells, A.R.A.M., which took place on September 6. Mr. Wells, who was seventy-three years of age, was one of the most distinguished flautists of his time, and reckoned among his friends the great Duke of Wellington and Mendelssohn. At the age of nineteen Mr. Wells was appointed first flute at the Royal Academy concerts. At the first performance of "The Bohemian Girl" at Drury Lane, Mr. Wells, who was an intimate friend of Ballo, played in the orchestra. He was a favourite with the late Prince Consort, and several times appeared before the Queen at Windsor by royal command. Until his retirement, Mr. Wells had toured as a lecturer on music.

That terrible English syndicate which disturbs the peace of our neighbours has now spread to Finland. M. Pobiedonostseff, Procurator of the Russian Holy Synod, knows all about it. English agents, he says, have been stirring up the Finns to disaffection because the Finns object to the abrogation of their constitutional liberties for the sake of the "unity" of the Russian army. Here you have a good illustration of the real antipathy to England. It is cherished, as it was in the days of Palmerston, by every politician who has designs against freedom. The Finnish Constitution stood in the way of Russian military autocracy; therefore English agents are said to be responsible for Finnish discontent. It is all because England stands for the spirit of free institutions, and should there ever be a Continental coalition against her this will be its real inspiration.

Mr. Walter McLachlan Money, whose death occurred on Aug. 28 at Cape Coast Castle, was the oldest son of Mr. Walter Money, F.S.A., of Snelsmore, and was born in 1866. He was educated at Bradfield College, and at New College, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in 1892. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and joined the Oxford Circuit, and had considerable practice as a junior. He left England in 1895 to serve as District Commissioner on the Gold Coast, and after a time was appointed Acting Attorney at Accra.



Photo. Heath, Plymouth.  
THE LATE MR. W. McL. MONEY.

Among his official superiors he won high regard. It was during the suppression of a native riot that he undertook a forced march and contracted a chill which in the end proved fatal. Mr. Chamberlain has expressed his deep regret at the loss of so promising a public servant.

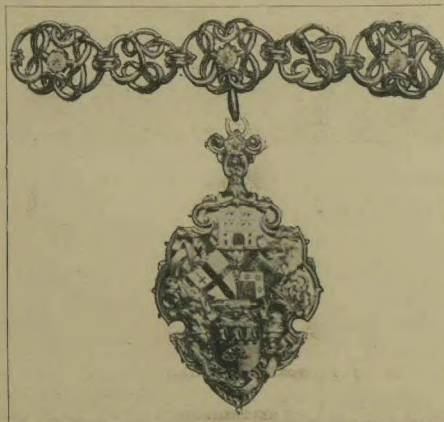
The Duke of Orleans may or may not be inside Fort Chabrol, but anywhere he is in a droll position. It persistently stated that the reason why the Government is so lenient to Mr. Guérin and his band of freebooters is that the Duke is locked up along with them. That would rather seem to be a reason for having him out without delay. Another authority states that the Duke was seen in London lately, and expressed his disapproval of the verdict at Rennes. This suggests a sadder state of mind than is disclosed in the Duke's correspondence, as it has been revealed in the trial before the Senate.

Maria Helena, Dowager Lady Clanmorris, died at St. Leonards on Aug. 27 last where she had resided for many years. The deceased lady, who was in her ninety-seventh year, retained all her faculties to the end. She was born on Oct. 26, 1802, at Roxborough, County Galway, and was second daughter of Mr. Robert Persse, of that place. She married, on May Day 1825, the Hon. Denis Arthur Bingham, who in 1829 succeeded his brother as third Baron Clanmorris of Newbrook, County Mayo. She had a large family. Her husband died in 1847, so that the lady now deceased had been a widow for over half a century. Her eldest son, the fourth Baron Clanmorris, died in 1876, his widow still surviving him; and the present holder of the title, the fifth Baron, is a grandson of the deceased lady, so that until a few days ago there were three Ladies Clanmorris living. She was the head of five generations in direct descent, and leaves numerous children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren to mourn her loss. Lady Clanmorris remembered Waterloo well, and often spoke of the sensation it caused when she was in the school-room.



Photo. Gobbeld, Hastings  
THE LATE DOWAGER LADY CLANMORRIS.

On Sept. 20 Mr. Alderman Treloar, Sheriff-elect, was presented with a magnificent chain and badge of office by the inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without. The chain is of massive 18-carat gold, each link being hall-marked. The links are in the form of a wrought and twisted knot, the chain being forty-eight inches in length. The centres of the seven more important links each contain



CHAIN PRESENTED TO MR. ALDERMAN TRELOAR.

a large specially selected diamond. Suspended from the centre link of the chain is the badge, of Renaissance design. The order was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, the well-known jewellers of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street.

The liveries just completed for the Sheriffs-elect—Mr. Alderman Treloar and Mr. Alfred H. Bevan—are now being shown by Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Limited, of 65 and 67, Ludgate Hill. It is interesting to note that both the Sheriffs-elect have shown their allegiance to their ancestral districts by their choice of embroideries. The worthy Alderman's State liveries are embroidered with an elegant design of "Great White Heath" and "Osmunda Regalis Fern," both of which are indigenous to the county of Cornwall; while in the embroidery of the liveries for Mr. Bevan, the leek is introduced in deference to his Welsh descent.

Sir Michael Foster, President of the British Association, has been since 1883 Professor of Physiology at Cambridge. He was born at Huntingdon in 1836, and is the son of Michael Foster, surgeon. Educated at University College School and at University College, London, Michael Foster at first practised as a surgeon in his native place. In 1867 he became Teacher and in 1869 Professor of Practical Physiology at University College, London, being appointed Prælector of Physiology at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1870. One of his best-known works is his "Text Book of Physiology."



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
SIR MICHAEL FOSTER,  
President of the British Association.

At Messrs. Brinsmead's Pianoforte Galleries the other afternoon, a large number of musical people assembled, by invitation, to test the effect of the latest improvements made by the firm in the construction of the instrument, which, according to general belief, commences to deteriorate from the time it quits the factory—unlike the violin, which, if it be a good instrument, will improve with keeping for generations. Pianoforte manufacturers are constantly intent on increasing its sound, its touch, and its enduring powers. In the newest example the frame is of solid metal and continuous, and the system of tuning is much simplified. Without going into technicalities, it may be said that the value of Messrs. Brinsmead's improvements was amply verified at the trial.

There is a pretty general conformity among the Ritualists to the decision of the Primates. Even at St. Alban's, Holborn, incense has been abandoned, and Father Stanton has declared that he attaches no spiritual importance to it. This attitude has scandalised some of the extreme Ritualists, and must be very disappointing to Lord Halifax. In a word, the authority of the Bishops has carried the day.

It is announced that Mr. Charles Neufeld, who endured twelve years' captivity at Omdurman, and was released by Lord Kitchener's victory, contemplates returning to the Sudan. In 1887, as readers will remember, Mr. Neufeld set out from Cairo on a trading expedition to Kordofan, and was betrayed into the hands of the Dervishes by his Arab guides. He was actually led out to execution, but was spared for reasons of Abdullah's own. In his book, "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish on Sept. 27, Mr. Neufeld gives a thrilling account of his adventures. The portrait which we reproduce is the first taken of Mr. Neufeld in European dress after his release.

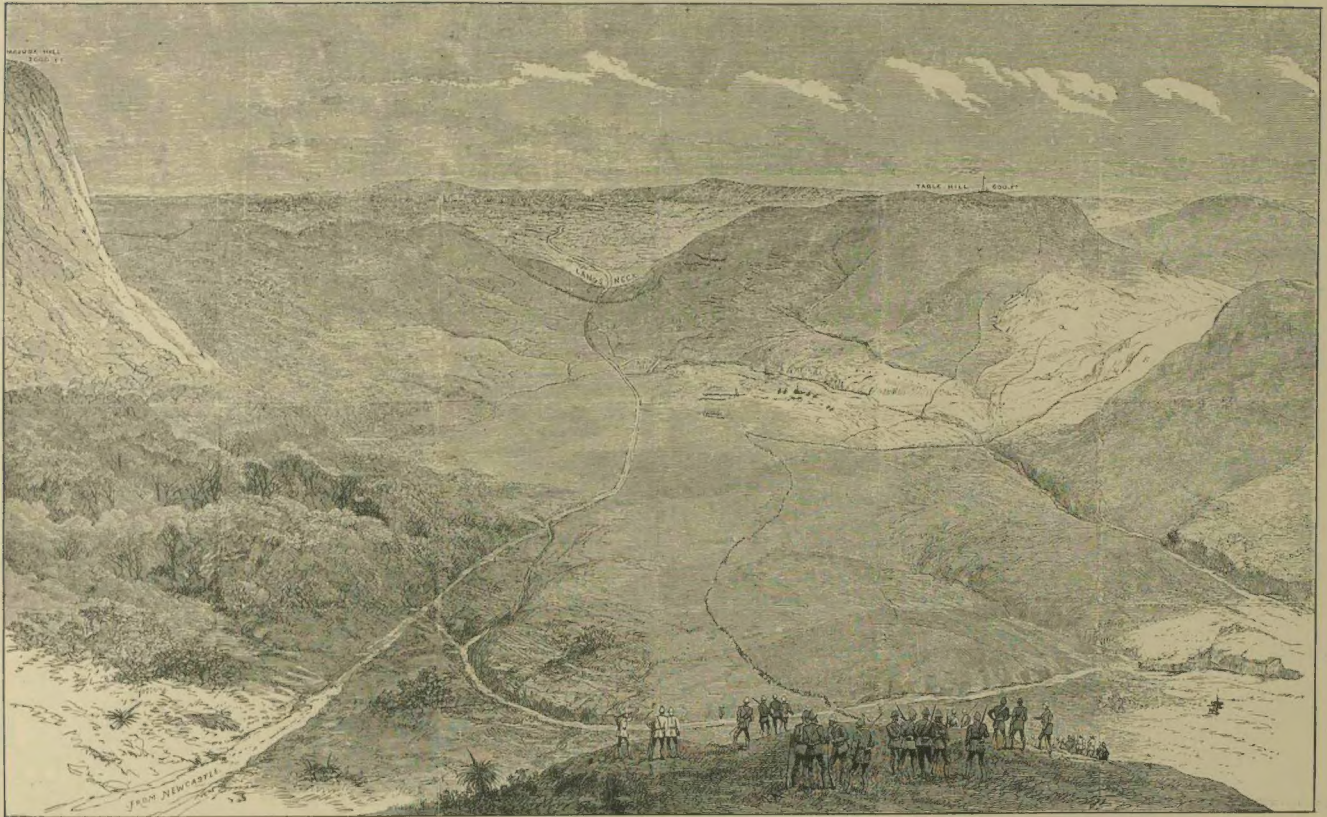


Copyright George Searles.  
MR. CHARLES NEUFELD.

An amusing story is told of the late Lord Watson. He had a habit of interrupting counsel, and this often caused irritation. One distinguished advocate once reproached him on this account in private. "Eh, man," said Lord Watson, "you need not complain, for I never interrupt a fool!" A pleasant test for forensic intelligence!

The Inebriates Act seems to be a dead letter. It was devised for the purpose of preventing habitual drunkards from being sent to prison. It is estimated that in the course of a year about three hundred inebriates of this type come before the London magistrates—two hundred women and a hundred men. At present there is accommodation in the homes for inebriates for only twenty-eight women. The County Council will have to deal with this question by creating a municipal home large enough to accommodate the hopeless victims of alcoholic disease who encumber the charge-sheets in the police-courts.





THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: LAING'S NECK, THE SCENE OF GENERAL SIR G. COLLEY'S REPULSE ON JAN. 23, 1881.



Marquis of Huntly.

Sir Allan Mackenzie.

Prince of Wales. Duke of Connaught.

Duke of York.

Col. Downman, Gen. Chapman.

Photo. Milne, Ballater.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRAIKLEY, NEAR BALMORAL, SEPT. 16.





# The Million-heiress.

BY  
E. NESBIT.

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

IT is a dismal thing to be in London in August. The streets are up, for one thing, and your cab can never steer a straight course for the place you want to go to. And the trees are brown in the parks, and everyone you know is away, so that there would be nowhere to go in your cab even if you had the money to pay for it, and you could go there without extravagance.

Maurice Guillemot sat over his uncomfortable breakfast-table in the rooms he shared with his friend, and cursed his luck. His friend was away by the sea—and he was here in the dusty, the sordid blackness of his Temple Chambers. He had had no money for a holiday, and when Dornington had begged him to accept a loan, he had sworn at Dornington, and Dornington had gone off in more or less of a temper. And now Dornington was by the sea, and he was here. The flies buzzed in the panes and round the sticky marmalade-jar; the sun beat in at the open window. There was no work to do. Maurice was a solicitor by trade; but, in fact, and perforce, an idler. No business came to him. All day long the steps of clients sounded on the dirty old wooden staircase, clients for Robinson on the second, for Jones on the fourth—but none for Guillemot on the third. Even now steps were coming, though it was only ten o'clock. The young man glanced at the marmalade-jar, and the crooked cloth stained with tea, which his laundress had spread for his breakfast.

"Suppose it is a client!" He broke off with a laugh. He had never been able to cure himself of that old hope that some day the feet of a client, a wealthy client, would pause at his door. But the feet had always gone by—as these would do; the steps did indeed pass his door, paused, came back, and—oh, wonder! It was his knocker that awoke the Temple echoes.

He glanced at the table. It was hopeless. He shrugged his shoulders. "I daresay it's only a bill," he said, and went to see.

The newcomer was impatient, for even as Guillemot opened the door, the knocker was in act to fall again.

"Is Mr. Guillemot—oh, Maurice, I should have known you anywhere!"

A radiant vision in a white linen gown—a very smart tailor-made-looking linen gown—and a big white hat was standing in his doorway, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Won't you ask me in?" asked the vision, smiling in his bewildered face.

He drew back mechanically, and closed the door after her as she went in. Then he followed her into the room that served him for office and living-room, and stood looking at her helplessly.

"You don't know me a bit," she said; "it's a shame to tease you. I'll take off my hat and veil; you'll know me then. It's these fine feathers!"

And take them off she did—in front of the fly-spotted glass on his mantelpiece; then she turned a bright face on him, a pretty mobile face, crowned with bright brown hair. And still he stood abashed.

"I never thought you would have forgotten the friend of childhood's hour," she began again. "I see I must tell you in cold blood."

"Why—it's Rosamund," he cried suddenly. "Do forgive me! I never, never dreamed—my dear Rosamund, you aren't really changed a bit—it's only your hair being done up and—"

"And the fine feathers," said she, holding out a fold of her dress. "They are very pretty feathers, aren't they?"

"Very," said he. And then suddenly a silence of embarrassment fell between them.

The girl broke it with a laugh that was not quite spontaneous.

"How funny it all is!" she said. "I've been in New York with my uncle since dear papa died—and then I went to Girtton, and now poor uncle's dead—and—" Her eye fell on the table-cloth.

"I'm going to clear away this horrid breakfast of yours," she said.

"Oh, please," he pleaded, taking the marmalade-jar up in his helpless hands. She took the jar from him.

"Yes I am," she said firmly, "and you can just sit down and try to remember who I am."

He obediently withdrew to the window-seat, and watched her as she took away the ugly crockery, and the uglier food, to hide them in his little kitchen—and as he watched her he remembered many things.

A lonely childhood in a country rectory—the long dull days with no playfellows; then the arrival of the new doctor and his little daughter, Rosamund Rainham—and almost at the same time, it seemed, the invalid lady with the little boy who lodged at the post-office. Then there were playfellows, dear playfellows, to cheer and teach him—poor Maurice, who hardly knew what play or laughter meant. Then the invalid lady died, and Maurice's father awoke from his dreams amid his old books, as he had a way of doing when duty called him, inquired into the circumstances of the boy, Andrew Dornington, and, finding him friendless and homeless, took him into his home—to be Maurice's little brother and friend. Then the long, happy time when the three children were always together: walking, boating, birds'-nesting, reading, playing, and quarrelling; the storm of tears from Rosamund when the boys went to college; the shock of surprise and the fleeting sadness with which Maurice heard that the doctor was dead and that Rosamund had gone to America to her mother's brother. Then the fullness of life, the old days almost forgotten, or only remembered as a pleasant dream. Maurice had never thought to see Rosamund again—had certainly never longed very ardently to see her, at any rate, since the year of her going. And now—here she was, grown to womanhood and charm, clearing away his breakfast-things! He could hear the tap running, and knew that she must be washing her hands at the sink, using the horrid bit of yellow soap with tea-leaves embedded in it. Now she was drying her hands on the dingy towel behind the kitchen door. No; she came in drying her pink fingers on her handkerchief.

"What a horrid old charwoman you must have!" she said. "Everything is six inches deep in dust—and all your crockery is smeary."

"I'm sorry it's not nicer," he said. "Oh, but it is jolly to see you again! What times we used to have! Do you remember when we burned your dolls on the Fifth of November?"

"I should think I did. And do you remember when I painted your new tool-chest and the handles of your saws and gimlets and things with pale-green enamel? I thought you would be so pleased."

She had taken her place as she spoke in the depths of the one comfortable chair, and he answered from his window-seat; and in a moment the two were launched on a flood of reminiscences, and the flight of time was not one of the things they remembered. The hour and the quarters sounded, and they talked on. But the insistence of noon, boomed by the Law Courts clock, brought Miss Rainham to her feet.

"Gracious!" she said. "How time goes! And I've never told you what I came for. Look here. I'm frightfully rich. I only heard it last week. My uncle never

seemed very well off; we lived very simply, and I used to do the washing-up and the dusting and things; and now he's dead, and he's left me all his money. I don't know where he kept it all. The people on the floor above here wrote to me about it. I was going to see them, and I saw your name; and I simply couldn't pass it. Look here, Maurice—are you very busy?"

"Not too busy to do anything you want. I am glad you've had luck. What can I do for you?"

"Will you really do anything I want? Promise?"

"Of course I promise." He looked at her and wondered if she knew how hard it would be to him to refuse her anything: for Mr. Guillemot had been fancy free, and this gracious vision risen from old times had turned his head a little.

"Good. You must be my solicitor."

"But I can't, Jones—"

"Bother Jones," she said, "I shan't go near him. I won't be worried by Jones. What is the use of having a fortune—oh, it's a big fortune, I can tell you—if I mayn't even choose my own solicitor? Look here, Maurice—really—I've no relations and no friends in England—no men friends, I mean—and I know you won't let me be cheated, and you'll do more for me than anyone else because we used to be such friends, and you won't charge me more than you ought—but you'll charge me enough. Oh—I feel like Mr. Boffin—and you are Mortimer Lightwood and Andrew is Dora. Do you call him Dora still?"

It was the first question she had asked about the boy who had shared all their youth with them.

"Oh, Dornington is all right. He'd be awfully sick if you called him Dora nowadays. He's got on a little—not much. He goes in for journalism. He's at Lynnebay just now. He lives here with me generally."

"Yes—I know. I saw his name on the door"—and Maurice did not wonder till later why she had not mentioned that name earlier in the interview.

"Here, give me paper and pens, the best there is time to procure. Now tell me what to say to Jones. I want to tell him that I loathe his very name; that I know I could never bear the sight of him; and that you are going to look after everything for me."

He resisted—she pleaded; and at last the letter was written, not quite in those terms, and Maurice at her request reluctantly instructed her as to the methods of giving a power of attorney.

"You must arrange everything," she said; "I won't be bothered. Now I must go. Jones is human, after all. He knew I should want money, and he sent me quite a lot. And I'm going away for a holiday—just to see what it feels like to be rich."

"You're not going about alone, I hope?" said Maurice. And then, for the first time, he remembered that beautiful young ladies are not allowed to clear away tea-things in the Temple, without a chaperon—even for their solicitors.

"No; Constance Grant is with me. You don't know her. I got to know her at Girtton. She's a dear."

"Look here," he said awkwardly, standing behind her as she pinned on her hat and veil in front of his glass, "when you come back I'll come and see you. But you mustn't come here again. It's—it's not customary." She smiled at his reflection in the glass.

"Oh, I forgot your stiff English notions! What absolute rot! Not go and see one's old friend and one's solicitor! However, I won't come where I'm not wanted—"

"You know—" he began reproachfully; but she interrupted.

"Oh yes, it's all right. Now remember that all my affairs are in your hands, and when I come back you will have to tell me exactly what I'm worth—between eight and fourteen hundred thousand pounds, they say; but that's nonsense, isn't it? Good-bye."



And with a last swish of white skirts against the dirty wainscot, and a last wave of a white-gloved hand, she disappeared down the gloomy staircase.

Maurice drew a long breath.

"It can't be fourteen hundred thousand," he said slowly; "but I wish to goodness it wasn't fourpence!"

## II.

The tide was low, the long lines of the sand-banks shone yellow in the sun—yellow for the pools of blue water left between them. Far off, where the low white streak marked the edge of the still retreating sea, little figures moved slowly along, pushing the shrimping-nets through the shallow water.

On one of the smooth wave-worn groins a girl sat sketching the village; her pink gown and red Japanese umbrella made a bright spot on the gold of the sand.

Further along the beach, under the end of the grass-grown sea-wall, a young man and woman basked in the August sun. Her sunshade was white, and so were her gown and the hat that lay beside her. Since her accession to fortune, Rosamund Rainham had worn nothing but white.

"It is the prettiest wear in the world," she had told Constance Grant; "and when you are poor it's the most impossible. But now I can have a clean gown every day, and a clean conscience as well."

"I'm not sure about the conscience," Constance had answered with her demure smile, "think of the millions of poor people."

"Oh, bother!" Miss Rainham had laughed, not heartlessly, but happily. "Thank Heaven I've enough money to be happy myself, and make heaps of other people happy too. And the first step is that no one's to know I'm rich, so remember that we are two high-school teachers on a holiday."

"I loathe play-acting," Constance had said, but she had submitted, and now she sat sketching, and Rosamund in her white gown watched the seagulls and the shrimpers from under the sea-wall of Lynnebay.

"And so your holiday's over in three days," she was saying to the young man beside her; "it's been a good time, hasn't it?"

He did not answer; he was piling up the pebbles in a heap, and always at a certain point the heap collapsed.

"What are you thinking of? Poems again?"

"I had a verse running in my head," he said apologetically; "it has nothing to do with anything."

"Write it down at once," she said imperiously, and he obediently scribbled in his notebook, while she took up the work of building the stone heap—it grew higher under her lighter fingers.

"Read it!" she said, when the scratching of the pencil stopped. And he read—

Now the vexed clouds, wind-driven, spread wings of white,  
Long leaning wings across the sea and land;  
The waves creep back, bequeathing to our sight  
The treasure-house of their deserted sand;

And where the nearer waves curl white and low,  
Knee-deep in swirling brine the slow-foot shrimpers go.

Pale breadth of sand where clamorous gulls confer,  
Marked with broad arrows by their planted feet,  
White rippled pools where late deep waters were,  
And ever the white waves marshalled in retreat,  
And the grey wind in sole supremacy  
O'er opal and amber cold of darkening sky and sea.

"Opal and amber cold," she repeated; "it's not like that—now. It's sapphire and gold and diamonds."

"Yes," he said, "but this was how it was last week—"

"Before I came—"

"Yes, before you came"; his tone put a new meaning into her words.

"I'm glad I brought good weather," she said cheerfully, and the little stone heap rattled itself down under her hand.

"You brought the light of the world," he said, and caught her hand and held it.

There was a silence. A fisherman passing along the sea-wall gave them good-day.

"What made you come to Lynnebay," he said presently, and his hand still lay lightly on hers. She hesitated and looked down at her hand and his.

"I knew you were here," she said. His eyes met hers. "I always meant to see you again some day. And you knew me at once. That was so nice of you."

"You have not changed," he said; "your face has not changed, only you are older, and—"

"I'm twenty-two; you needn't reproach me with it. Yours is the same to a month."

He moved on his elbow a little nearer to her.

"Has it ever occurred to you," he asked, looking out to sea, "that you and I were made for each other?"

"No. Never."

He looked out to sea still, and his face clouded heavily.

"Ah—no—don't look like that, dear; it never occurred to me—I think I must have always known it somehow—only—"

"Only what—my white rose—oh, my darling. Do you really—Only what, my dear?"

"Only I was so afraid it would never occur to you!"

There was no one on the wide bare sands save the discreet artist—their faces were very near.

"We shall be very poor, I'm afraid," he said presently.

"I can go on teaching."

"No," his voice was decided, "my wife shan't work—at least not anywhere but in our home. You won't mind playing at love in a cottage for a bit, will you? I shall get on now I've something to work for. Oh, my dear, thank God I've enough for the cottage! When will you marry me? We've nothing to wait for, no relatives to consult, no settlements to draw up. All that's mine is thine, lassie."

"And all that's mine—Oh, Maurice!"

For, with a scattering of shingle, a man dropped from the sea-wall, two yards from them. The situation admitted of no disguise, for Miss Rainham's head was on Mr. Dornington's shoulder. They sprang up.

"Why, Maurice!" echoed Andrew, "this—this is good of you! You remember Rosamund? We have just found out that—"

But Rosamund had turned, and was walking quickly away over the sand.

Maurice filled a pipe, and lighted it before he said—

"You've made a good use of your time, old man. I congratulate you." His tone was a little cold.

"There is no reason why I should not make a good use of my time," Dornington answered, and his tone had caught the chill of the other's.

"None whatever. You have secured the prize, and I congratulate you. Whether it's fair to the girl is another question."

In moments of agitation a man instinctively feels for his pouch. It was now Dornington's turn to fill and light a pipe.

"Of course it's your own affair," said Guillemot, chafing at the silence, "but I think you might have given the heiress a chance. However, it's each for himself, I suppose, and—"

"The heiress?"

"Yes, the heiress—the million-heiress, if you prefer it. I've been looking into her affairs. It is just about a million."

"Rather cheap chaff, isn't it?"

"It's a very lucky thing for you," said Maurice savagely. "Perhaps I oughtn't to grudge it to you. But I must say, Dornington—I see we look at the thing differently—but I must say I shouldn't have cared to grab at such luck myself."

Dornington had thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood looking at his friend.

"I see," he said slowly. "And her fortune is really so much? I did not think it was so much as that. Yes, Well, Guillemot, it's no good making a row about it; I don't want to quarrel with my best friend. Go along to my place, will you? Or stay; come and let me introduce you to Miss Grant, and you can walk up with her. She'll show you where I live. I'm going for a bit of a walk."

Five minutes later, Maurice, in response to Rosamund's beckoning hand at the window, was following Miss Grant up the narrow flagged path leading to the cottage which Rosamund had taken. And ten minutes later, Andrew Dornington was striding along the road to the station with a Gladstone bag in his hands.

Maurice lunched at the cottage. The girls served the lunch themselves; they had no hired service in the little cottage. Rosamund exerted herself to talk gaily.

As the meal ended, a fair-haired child stood in the door that opened straight from the street into the sitting-room, after the primitive fashion of Lynnebay.

"E give me a letter for you," said the child, and Rosamund took it, giving in exchange some fruit from the pretty disordered table.

"Excuse me," she said, with a rose in her cheeks because she saw that the hand-writing was the hand-writing she had seen in many pencilled verses. She read the letter; frowned; read it again. "Constance, you might get the coffee."

Constance went out. Then the girl turned on her guest—

"This is *your* doing," she said, with a concentrated fury that brought him to his feet facing her. "Why did you come and meddle! You've told him I'm rich—the very thing I didn't mean him to know till—he couldn't help himself. You've spoiled everything! And now he's gone—and he'll never come back. Oh, I hope you'll suffer for this some day. You will if there's any justice in the world!"

He looked as though he suffered for it even now. But when he spoke his voice was cold.

"I'm extremely sorry," he said, "but, after all, there's very little harm done. You should have warned me that you meant to play a comedy, and I would have taken any part you assigned to me. However, you've succeeded. He evidently 'loves you for yourself alone.' Write and tell him to come back. He'll come."

"How little you know him," she said, "after all these years! Even I know him better than that. That was why I pretended not to be rich. Directly I knew about the money I made up my mind to find him, and try if I could make him care. I know it sounds horrid. I don't mind, it's true. And I had done it; and then you came. Oh, I hope I shall never see you again! I'll never

speak to you again! No—I didn't mean that—" She hid her face in her hands.

"Rosamund, try to forgive me. I didn't know—I couldn't know. I will bring him back to you—I swear it! Only trust me."

"You can't," she said. "It's all over."

"Let me tell you something. If you hadn't had this money—but if you hadn't had this money, I should never have seen you. But I've thought of nothing but you ever since that day you came to the Temple. I don't tell you this to annoy you, only to show you that I would do anything in the world to prevent your being unhappy. Forgive me, dear! Oh, forgive me!"

"It's no good," she said; but she gave him her hand.

When Constance Grant came back with the coffee, she found Mr. Guillemot alone, looking out of the window at the sunflowers and the hollyhocks.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I've made a fool of myself," he said, forgetting, as he looked at her kind eyes, that three hours ago she was only a name to him.

"Could I do anything?"

"You're her friend," he said, "Miss Grant. I'm going down to the sea. If you could come down with me and let me talk— But I've no right to bother you."

"I'll come," said Constance. "I'll come by-and-by, when I've cleared lunch away. It's no bother. As you say, I'm her friend."

## III.

Rosamund stayed on at the little house behind the sea-wall, and she wrote letters, long and many, which accumulated on the mantelpiece of the rooms in the Temple. Andrew found them there when he returned to town in the middle of October. The room was cheerless, tenantless, fireless. He lit the gas and looked through his letters. He did not dare to open those which came from her. There were bills, invitation-cards, a returned manuscript or two, a cheque for a magazine article, and a letter in Maurice's handwriting. It was dated a fortnight earlier.

"Dear old Chap," it ran, "I'm off to my father's. I can't bear it. I can't face you or anyone. I wish to God I'd never told you anything about Rosamund Rainham's money. There isn't any money. It was all in the Crystal Oil Company. No one had the least idea that it wasn't good. But I feel as if I ought to have known. There's a beggarly hundred or so in Consols: that's the end of her million. It wasn't really my fault of course. She doesn't blame me. Yours, MAURICE GUILLEMOT."

Then he opened her letters—read them all—in the order of the dates on the post-marks, for even in love Andrew was an orderly man—read them with eyes that pricked and smarted. There were four or five of them. First, the frank pleading of affection, then the coldness of hurt pride and love; then doubts, wonderings. Was he ill?—was he away?—would he not at least answer? Passionate longing, tender anxiety, breathed in every word. Then came the last letter of all, written a fortnight ago—

"Dear Andrew,—I want you to understand that all is over between us. I know you wished it, and now I see you are right. I could never have been anything to you but your loving friend, ROSAMUND."

He read it through twice; it was a greater shock to him than Maurice's letter had been. Then he understood. The "Million-heiress" might stoop to woo a poor lover whose pride had fought with and conquered his love. The girl with only the "beggarly hundred in Consols" had her pride too.

The early October dusk filled the room. Andrew caught up the bag he had brought with him, slammed the door, and blundered down the stairs. He caught a passing hansom in Fleet Street, and the last train to Lynnebay.

A furious south-wester was waiting for him there. He could hardly stand against it—it blew and tore and buffeted him, almost prevailing against him as he staggered down the road from the station. The night was inky black, but he knew his Lynnebay every inch, and he fought on manfully, though every now and then he was fain to cling to a gateway or a post, or hold on till the gust had passed. Thus, breathless and dishevelled, his tie under his left ear, his hat battered in, his hair in crisp disorder, he reached at last the haven of the little porch of the house under the sea-wall.

Rosamund herself opened the door, and her eyes showed him two things—her love and her pride. Which would be the stronger? He remembered how the question had been answered in his own case, and he shivered as she took his hand and led him into the warm, lamp-lighted room. The curtains were drawn; the hearth swept; a tabby cat purred on the rug; a book lay open on the table; all breathed of the sober comfort of home.

She sat down on the other side of the hearth and looked at him. Neither spoke. It was an awkward moment.

Rosamund broke the silence.

"It is very friendly of you to come and see me," she said. "It is very lonely for me now Constance has gone back to London."

"She has gone back to her teaching?"

"Yes, I wanted her to stay—but—"



"I've heard from Maurice. He is very wretched; he seems to think it is his fault."

"Poor dear boy!" She spoke musingly. "Of course it wasn't his fault. It all seems like a dream, to have been so rich for a little while and to have done nothing with it, except," she added with a laugh and a glance at her fur-trimmed gown, "to buy a most extravagant number of white dresses. How awfully tired you look, Andrew! Go and have a wash, the spare room's the first door at the top of the stairs, and I'll get you some supper."

When he came down again she had laid a cloth on the table and was setting out silver and glass.

"Another relic of my brief prosperity," she said, touching the forks and spoons. "I'm glad I shan't have to eat with nickel-plated things."

She talked gaily as they ate. The home atmosphere of the room appealed to Dornington. Rosamund herself, in her white gown, had never appeared so fair and so desirable. And but for his own mad pride he might have been here now, sharing the pretty little home life with her—not as her guest, but as her husband. He flushed crimson. Blushing was an old trick of his—one of those that had earned him his feminine nickname of Dora, and in the confusion his blush brought him he spoke.

"Rosamund, can you ever forgive me?"

"I forgive you from my heart," she said, "if I have anything to forgive."

But in her tone was the resentment of a woman who does not forgive. Yet he had been right. He had sacrificed himself, only. He was in honour bound to sacrifice himself; and if he had chosen to suffer? But what about the blue lines under her dear eyes—the hollows in her dear face?

"You have been unhappy," he said.

"Well," she laughed, "I wasn't exactly pleased to lose my fortune."

"Dear," he said desperately, "won't you try to forgive me? It seemed right. How could I sacrifice you to a penniless—"

"I had enough for both—or I thought I had," she said obstinately.

"Ah, but don't you see—"

"I see that you cared more for not being thought mercenary by Maurice than—"

"Forgive me," he pleaded, "take me back."

"Oh, no—" she tossed her bright head—"Maurice might think me mercenary. I couldn't bear that. You see you are richer than I am, now. How much did you tell me you made a year by your writing? How can I sacrifice you to a penniless—"

"Rosamund, do you mean it?"

"I do mean it. And besides—"

"What?"

"I don't love you any more," the bright head drooped and turned away.

"I've killed your love. I don't wonder. Forgive me for bothering you. Good-bye!"

"What are you going to do?" she asked suddenly.

"Oh, don't be afraid," he said, "nothing desperate. Only work hard, and try to forgive you."

"Forgive me? You have nothing to forgive."

"No, nothing—if you have left off loving me. Have you? Is it true?"

"Good-bye!" she said. "You're staying at the Ship?"

"Yes."

"Don't let's part in anger. I shall be on the sea-wall in the morning. Let's part friends, then."

In the morning Andrew went out into the fresh air. The trees, still gold in calmer homes, stood almost leafless in wild windy Lynnebay. He stood in the sunlight, and in spite of himself some sort of gladness came to him through the crisp October air. Then the ping of a bicycle-

bell sounded close behind him, he turned, and there was Maurice.

They shook hands, and Maurice's eyebrows went up.

"Is it all right?" he asked; "I knew you'd come here when I got home last night and found you'd had my letter."

"No; it's not all right. She won't have me."

"Why?"

"Pride, or revenge, or something. Don't let's talk about it."

"All right. I want some breakfast. We left town by the 7.20. I'm starving."

"Who are we?"

"Miss Grant and I. I thought Rosamund would be wanting a chaperon or a bridesmaid, or something, so I brought her and her bicycle."



"Now tell me what to say to Jones. I want to tell him that I loathe his very name."

"THE MILLION-HEIRESS."

"Always thoughtful," said Andrew, with something like a laugh.

Presently, strolling along the seawall, they met the two girls. Rosamund looked radiant. Where was the pale, hollow-eyed darling of last night? The wind that ruffled her brown hair had blown roses into her cheeks.

"Do you forgive me?" whispered Maurice when they met.

"That depends," she answered.

They all walked on together, and presently Maurice and Constance fell behind.

Then Rosamund spoke.

"You really think I ought to crush my pride, and—"

Hope laughed in Andrew's face—laughed and fled—for he looked in the face of Miss Rainham, and there was no sign of yielding in it.

"Yes," he said almost sullenly.

"That is as much as to say that you were wrong."

"I—perhaps I was wrong. What does it matter?"

"It matters a great deal. Suppose I had my money now, would you run away from me?"

"I—I suppose I should act as I did before."

"Then you don't—don't care for me any more than you did?"

"I love you a thousand times more," he cried, turning angry, haggard eyes on her. "Yes, I believe I was wrong. Nothing would send me from you now but yourself—"

She clapped her hands.

"Then stay," she said, "for it's all a farce, and my money is as safe as houses."

He scowled at her.

"It's all a trick? You've played with me? Good-bye, and God forgive you."

He turned to go, but Constance coming up behind then caught his arm.

"Don't be such an idiot," she said. "She had nothing to do with it. She thought her money was gone. You don't suppose she would have played such a trick even to win your valuable affections. You don't deserve your luck, Mr. Dornington."

Rosamund was looking at him with wet eyes and trembling lips.

"Constance only told me this morning," she said; "she and Maurice planned it, to get you—to make me—to—to—"

"And then she nearly spoiled it all by being as silly as you were. Whatever does it matter which of you has the money?"

"Nothing," said Rosamund valiantly; "I see that plainly. Don't you, Andrew?"

"I see nothing but you, Rosamund," he said, and they turned and walked along the sea-wall, hand in hand, like two children.

"That's all right," said Maurice; "but, by Jove, I've had enough of playing Providence and managing other people's affairs."

"She was very sweet about it," said Constance, walking on.

"Well, she may be. She has her heart's desire. But it was not easy. What a blessing she is so unbusinesslike! But even so, I couldn't have done it but for you."

"I'm very glad to have been of some service," said Constance demurely.

"I couldn't have got on without you. I can't get on without you ever again."

"But that's nonsense," said Miss Grant.

"You won't make me, Constance? There's no con-founded money to come between us."

He caught at the hand that swung by her side.

"But you said you loved her, and that was why—"

"Ah, but that was a thousand years ago! And it was nonsense, even then, Constance."

And so two more foolish people went along the sea-wall in the October sunshine, happily, like children, hand-in-hand.

THE END.

Durham Cathedral has been enriched by the addition of a beautiful stained-glass window to the memory of the late Dean Lake. Dr. Lake, who was for many years Dean of Durham, was a familiar figure in Oxford in the 'fifties, when he sat a horse with the best of them and was as fine a preacher as a rider. His work for the University of Durham and its affiliated college in Newcastle-on-Tyne was of an enduring sort, and Durham has done well to commemorate him in the fine window that now completes the series in St. Gregory's Chapel. The late Dean Lake was the warm friend of Mr. Gladstone, whose niece he married.



## T H E T R A N S V A A L C R I S I S.

Major-General Sir Henry Edward Colville, commanding the Guards ordered for South African service, was born in 1852, and is the son of Colonel C. R. Colville and the Hon. K. Russell, daughter of Baroness de Clifford, of Kirkby Hall. He was educated at Eton, and entered the Grenadiers in 1870. After service at the Cape and in Egypt, he was attached to the Intelligence Department of the Sudan Expedition in 1884, and served with distinction at the battles of El Teh and Tamai, for which he was twice mentioned in despatches. In 1885 he was on special service in Upper Egypt, and became Chief of the Intelligence Department of the Frontier Forces. At the instance of the War Office he compiled an official history of the Sudan Campaign, and has since served in Upper Burma, Uganda, and as Commander of the Unyoro Expedition. Of the many other officers marked out for service at the Cape, we make special mention of four others, whose portraits appear to-day — Major-General Hildyard, C.B., who was born in 1846, who served in Egypt with distinction, and was appointed last year to the command of the 3rd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot; Major-General Arthur Fitzroy Hart, C.B., who was



Photo, Knight, Aldershot.  
MAJOR-GENERAL HILDYARD.



Photo, Knight, Aldershot.  
MAJOR-GENERAL FRENCH.



Photo, Knight, Aldershot.  
COLONEL T. C. PORTER.



Photo, Mull and Fox.  
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. E. COLVILLE.



Photo, Knight, Aldershot.  
MAJOR-GENERAL FITZROY HART.

OFFICERS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE.

born in 1844, who served in the Transvaal in 1881, and in 1897 was given the command of the 1st Infantry Brigade at Aldershot; Major-General John D. P. French, who was born in 1852, who distinguished himself in the Nile Expedition, and who was this year placed in command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot; and Colonel Thomas Cole Porter, appointed four years ago to the command of the 6th Dragoon Guards at Aldershot.

Not in the British Islands only was Saturday a busy day in preparation for a war which many people had begun to regard as inevitable. On that same Saturday evening the transport *Secundra* started from Bombay, bound for Durban, with the 42nd Field Battery on board. Major Goulburn was in command, and with him were Captain Bateman and Lieutenants Macdougall and Dougall. Other transport vessels were to follow for India, whither fresh troops are bound on board the *Simla*. Moreover, on Wednesday, the troopship *Jelunga* left England for Gibraltar, where she picks up troops and carries them to the Cape. On Sept. 18 the *Purnea* left Calcutta. The transport arrangements are reported to be working perfectly.



DEPARTURE OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM JOHANNESBURG.

From a Photograph by H. W. Nichol's, Johannesburg.



THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: MOVEMENTS OF THE IMPERIAL TROOPS.

*Sketches by Harry McCormick.*



DISSEMBARKATION OF THE LIVERPOOL REGIMENT AT DURBAN.



DEPARTURE OF THE LIVERPOOL REGIMENT FROM DURBAN FOR LADYSMITH.





TELEPHONE TOWER, JOHANNESBURG.



ELANDSFONTEIN JUNCTION: "CHANGE HERE FOR JOHANNESBURG."



KRUGER'S WATERFALL, NEAR JOHANNESBURG.



HOSPITAL AT JOHANNESBURG.



HARBOUR AT DURBAN WHERE THE TROOPS ARRIVE.



# THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA



*Photo, supplied by T. J. Searin.*  
SIMONS TOWN NAVAL STATION, HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN SQUADRON.



*Art Photo, Publishing Co., Johannesburg.*  
MAJUBA HILL.



*From Photo, supplied by T. J. Searin.*  
THE PRINCIPAL FORTRESS OF JOHANNESBURG.



## THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: SCENES ON THE BOUNDARY.

The old fort at Mafeking is situated on the outskirts of the village, and has been used for some time as a guard-house by the British Bechuanaland Police. Facing the fort is the "location" occupied by the tribe of natives ruled by the native chief Montsion, who commands a powerful tribe. Mafeking, a thriving place and commissariat base, is to be protected by one of the two corps being raised by Colonel Baden-Powell. At Mafeking intending recruits have all their equipment, except arms, served out. They then proceed direct to Ramathlabana, some sixteen miles north, where a camp has been formed close to the railway. Near this point the frontiers of the Transvaal, Cape Colony, and Bechuanaland Protectorates meet. Horses and stores follow. Critics have already censured the Government of Cape Colony for not selecting Mafeking itself as the base, but recruits must be sworn within the Bechuanaland Protectorate. The objection to this procedure is that it brings untrained horses and men with incomplete equipment up to the frontier of a well-armed and vigilant opponent. The recruits for the new corps, who are mostly old soldiers or policemen, are described as a capital set of fellows. They have yet, however, to become familiar with the Lee-Metford rifle, and it will be a good month before their horses are broken and everything is going smoothly. As present arrangements stand, Mafeking depends for its protection upon the camp at Ramathlabana. The camp is pitched not far from the store and few detached farm-houses—one can hardly style the place a village—from which it takes its name. The site is healthy and well watered. Vryburg and Mafeking would, in event of hostilities, no doubt be the first places to be attacked, and the British residents there and at Kimberley are indignant at the defenceless condition of the townspeople and isolated farmers. The Boers on the border are nearly all armed, and have assumed a threatening attitude towards the British. Public meetings have been held to memorialise the Colonial Office and Sir Alfred Milner. Our second illustration shows Norvals Pont, the railway bridge over the Orange River. The bridge is close to the frontier, between the Orange Free State and the Cape Colony.



THE OLD FORT AT MAFKING.



NORVALS PONT, ORANGE RIVER. ON THE BOUNDARY OF THE CAPE COLONY AND THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

*From a Sketch by W. Morris.*



# THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM ALDERSHOT AND SOUTHAMPTON.



Photo. Knight, Aldershot

1st NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS ENTRAINING AT ALDERSHOT.



TROOP DECK OF THE S.S. "GAUL" AT SOUTHAMPTON.



Photo. Getty, Southampton

ARMY SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON.



Photo. Crain

ORDNANCE CORPS EMBARKING.



Photo. Crain

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AND OTHER TROOPS ON THE JETTY BIDDING FAREWELL TO FRIENDS.



Photo. George, Blenheim

TROOPS EMBARKING ON THE S.S. "GAUL" FOR THE CAPE.

Is it to be war? That was the question heard on all hands at the close of last week, especially by eye-witnesses of the moving scenes at Aldershot and Southampton in connection with the departure of troops for South-Africa, described in our "Topics of the Day." These were part of that force of 10,000 men deputed to preserve order on the Transvaal border, as the language of discreet officials ran. Less pacific were the rough-and-ready good-bye speeches heard from the mouths of soldiers and civilians alike. "Good luck, and may you find work to do!" cried one civilian on the railway-station platform to an officer, who replied, "Thanks, it looks very hopeful just now." Monday's news of the Boers' evasion of Mr. Chamberlain's latest demands did not lessen the likelihood of war, which, nevertheless, the Government of the Queen, while sending forth her soldiers, has all along been sincerely anxious to avert.



# THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR THE CAPE

*From Photographs by Charles Knight, Aldershot.*



OFFICERS OF THE 12th (PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL) LANCERS.



OFFICERS OF THE 2nd EAST SURREY REGIMENT.



OFFICERS OF THE 6th DRAGOON GUARDS (CARABINIERS).



BLACK WATCH CYCLIST SECTION.



MOUNTED INFANTRY. COLONEL ALDERSON AND OFFICERS.



62nd FIELD BATTERY IN KHAKE.



OFFICERS OF THE 2nd (QUEEN'S) ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.



OFFICERS OF THE 2nd DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.



COLONEL KITCHENER AND OFFICERS OF THE 2nd (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN) WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.



## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Queen continues to be in excellent health at Balmoral, which has this week been all astir with the

At eight o'clock last Saturday morning the military siding at Aldershot Station was the starting-point of the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers and a party of the Army Service Corps for South Africa. The possibility of war, much more its probability, adds enormously to the emotion of leave-takings, that even in times of peace are sufficiently affecting. A great concourse of relatives and friends was present, therefore, to see the troops off, hansomers arriving till the last moment with "fares" who had been travelling all night from Newcastle-on-Tyne, or Alnwick, or other towns and cities of the North. The members of the Army Service Corps, thirty-nine in number, were the first to arrive, escorted by their band, and they were punctually entrained by Lieutenant McFarlane before the "Fighting Fifth" arrived. In long array, heralded by many bands playing martial music, the column of grey and scarlet drew near. At that moment a general officer galloped

The entraining was quickly carried out under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Money.

Two special trains passed through London the same morning, conveying troops from Dublin and Woolwich



EGYPTIAN DONKEY PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY LORD KITCHENER.

Prince of Wales's visit. Other visitors have been the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern-Langenbourg, the son-in-law and daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg

gaily past the column, and the troops cheered when they recognised Major-General Lyttelton, who commanded the brigade in which the Fifth was included at Khartoum.



THE QUEEN'S EGYPTIAN DONKEY, LORD KITCHENER'S GIFT.

for Southampton en route to Natal. Wherever the contingents were seen they were cheered, and the scene of the embarkation at Southampton was one of the most animated ever witnessed even at that port. The officers and men embarked in full marching order, and made a magnificent spectacle for many hundreds of enthusiastic spectators. The Northumberland Fusiliers were all on board the *Gaul* by one o'clock, and then the stores, the baggage, and a number of horses were shipped all under the supervision of Colonel Mainwaring and Lieutenant-Colonel Stackpole. Despite all expedition, the liner, due to leave at two o'clock, did not start till after three, and she experienced, therefore, the sharp storm that swept, half an hour earlier, over the dock. The sun shone again, however, by the time the *Gaul* heard and returned the mighty cheer that rose as she left her moorings. A last enthusiastic send-off was reserved for the outward-bound soldiers of the Queen as they passed H.M.S. *Australia*, lying off Netley.

Lieutenant-General Sir George White left Waterloo Station at half-past two on Saturday afternoon for Southampton. A crowd of friends saw him off, among whom was Mr. Fleetwood Wilson, eagerly conveying last words from the War Office. Lady White travelled as far as Southampton with her husband; and their three daughters were on the platform at Waterloo. A "Hip-hip-hurrah!" broke out from the bystanders as the train moved away. Captain Lyon and the other members of Sir George's staff were with him. By another train a number of other officers left on the same errand. One of these was Colonel E. W. D. Ward, the popular secretary of the Military Tournament, who is appointed Director of Transports in South Africa, and will at once superintend the debarkation of troops at Port Elizabeth. Major Hammersley, Major Altham, and Captain Sparrow were also among the gallant and enthusiastically greeted party.



LIFE-BEAT SATURDAY AT BRIGHTON: LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BEAT.

and Gotha. According to present arrangements, the visit of her Majesty to Bristol will take place on the afternoon of Nov. 17.

The event of the week was, of course, the presentation by the Prince of Wales—not at Balmoral but at Braikley of new colours to the Gordon Highlanders, whom the Queen inspected while out driving last Saturday.

The she-ass presented by Lord Kitchener of Khartoum to her Majesty the Queen was purchased at Kench, some four hundred miles up the Nile from Cairo. It is an exceptionally fine specimen of the large race of donkeys peculiar to Egypt. It stands thirteen hands high, and is very much the same type as the male donkey already in the possession of her Majesty. The donkey comes to England on board the steamer *Duke of Argyll*, and will travel in company with another donkey presented to her Grace the Duchess of Cleveland.

Brighton launched its Life-beat Saturday Fund on Sept. 9 with remarkable success. The procession and water carnival were organised on a magnificent scale, and the programme was carried out to the entire satisfaction alike of promoters and spectators. We illustrate two of the most interesting features of the proceedings. "The Children's Life-beat Crew" was deservedly popular, consisting of thirteen merry boys. The tableaux were always well arranged and often striking. A practical display was given by three crews who went, despite the "spirit of windless calm" that lay upon the waters, to the relief of the passenger steamer *Brighton*, which assumed for the occasion the rôle of a ship-in-distress.



LIFE-BEAT SATURDAY AT BRIGHTON: THE CHILDREN'S LIFE-BEAT CREW.



Our Illustration gives a picture of one or two of the twenty-five barrows to be seen grouped together in Greenwich Park, near the gate which leads to Chesterfield Walk. They are by no means the only barrows to be found in the Park. Mr. Webster, the able superintendent, who has an eye for antiquities, has found several on the edge of a road which once ran across the Park from the Blackheath Gate to Croom's Hall, by the Stockwell (a parish pump, existing in 1706). He thinks that many others of these barrows have been used as a convenient elevation on which to plant trees. The barrows are from 12 ft. to 15 ft. in diameter, and about 2 ft. high. Many bear traces of having been rifled, but some appear to be intact. The group from which the barrows in our Illustration is taken was once threatened with extinction. The Park had a plentiful supply of conduits to carry water to the Naval College, the brick entrances to which have of late years been removed. It was deemed necessary to provide a further water-supply in case of fire, and in 1884 a reservoir was commenced. The site chosen was amongst these barrows, and twelve of them had actually been levelled before the Government yielded to the popular indignation raised against their further destruction. A new site was chosen a little farther off, where the reservoir was made. The historian of Kent who tells us this (see Hasted, p. 83., ed. 1886) states that the barrows had been rifled seventy years before. Harris ("History of Kent") also tells us (Book I, p. 2) of other depredations. It is much to be wished that a careful examination of these barrows should be made by some competent authority, for in them much history is



BARROWS IN GREENWICH PARK.

at the age of sixty, be removed to the homes of relatives or friends, and can draw on the Poor Rate seven shillings weekly for a single person, and ten shillings for a married couple. They must live in the parish for seven years, and there is this rather sad condition precedent to their enjoying the pension—they must first enter the workhouse. If the experiment is successful, some easy means will, no doubt, be devised by Mr. Chamberlain for the removal of any stigma of pauperism that may now attach to it.

A railway collision occurred last Saturday morning on the Cambrian Railway at Tylwch Station, Montgomeryshire; and once more it was the excursionist who was the victim. A crowded train of trippers ran into a mail train standing in the station. One passenger, a young woman, was killed on the spot, many others were seriously injured, and both the locomotives were smashed.

The conflicts between whites and blacks in some portions of the United States are becoming a serious menace to the public peace. The lynchings lately reported constitute a grave blot on the administration of justice; and the enmity engendered between the two races has other and even more alarming outbreaks. On last Sunday, for instance, at Carterville, Illinois, two parties of miners, one white and the other black, began one of those altercations in which hot words are quickly followed by the discharge of revolvers. The result of the conflict was that troops were called out to keep order, but not till eight negroes had been killed and others wounded. It is not altogether of happy significance that no fatal casualties were reported among the whites.



Photo, Lewis, Birmingham.

THE BURSTING OF THE STOUR VALLEY CANAL: THE DAMAGE TO THE EMBANKMENT.

concealed—as to the manners and customs of those who threw them up and buried their dead in them.

The most serious bursting of canal banks which the Black Country has known occurred at Dudley Port early on the morning of Sept. 9. About four o'clock it was observed that water was flowing through the bank into a clay-pit belonging to the Rattle Chain and Stour Valley Brickworks. The alarm was given, and the canal inspectors and a number of workmen hastened to the scene; but before anything could be done the breach had widened, and a huge volume of water tore away many yards of the embankment, rushing down with a noise like thunder into the pit. Through the gap thus formed a reach of the canal some six miles long was completely drained, and two acres extent of the surrounding meadows was deluged. Stranded boats lie all along the bed of the canal, and some are said to have been swept into the clay-pit. The damage is estimated at between £40,000 and £50,000. The catastrophe is ascribed to the action of the recent heavy rains. There was, fortunately, no loss of life.

The mule, which has played so prominent a part (some may say in more senses than one) in certain modern phases of Spanish history, is becoming very much the fashion, for driving purposes, with the ladies of Madrid. The Queen-Regent drives a beautiful team of mules, which she finds both handier than horses and less inclined to take fright.

The difficulties of a national system of old-age pensions being so great as they are, any parochial attempt to treat the pressing problem must needs be welcome. The Guardians of Mile End have taken the matter in hand. Paupers within their jurisdiction can,



Photo, Lewis, Birmingham.

THE BURSTING OF THE STOUR VALLEY CANAL: THE EMPTY REACH LOOKING TOWARDS DUDLEY PORT.





LIONS, WHICH HAD DESTROYED EIGHT ASSES, SHOT AT SEBUNGU-POORT, BULAWAYO.

Bulawayo has little excitements on its own account, apart from the larger ones that are now affecting all South Africa. On a quiet Sunday morning lately, at Sebungu-Poort, a transport-rider named Short, who had outspanned only three hundred and fifty yards from the hotel, called and reported that his donkeys had been attacked by lions. Eight of them were left dead on the field, and a ninth was terribly mauled. A reporter on the *Bulawayo Chronicle*, whose duties are slightly more varied and sometimes more adventurous than those of his Fleet Street brother, was sent to investigate; and he found the transport-rider's wife in tears over the great loss that had happened to her husband. That very night two "schemes" were made, with the donkeys' carcasses placed within to tempt the lions, and two trap-guns, with wires attached to the triggers, loaded at the entrance of each "scheme" to give the approaching feasters a warm welcome. The lions came, and the report of a gun was heard. The trappers approached the place cautiously next morning, expecting a hard fight with a wounded lion, but they found instead the bodies of two dead lions, killed outright before they entered the "scheme." A sporting offer of £20 for no lions or any that might be killed had been made to the unlucky transport-rider, who thus secured that sum at least as a set-off against his larger loss, while the adventurous bidder had a good bargain.

The terrible conflagration at Yokohama on Aug. 12 laid waste one of the wealthiest quarters of the native town. Beginning at nine o'clock at night, the fire at first attracted little notice, for in Japanese cities such occurrences are not infrequent, but in half an hour it became evident that the outbreak was unusually serious.

The utmost efforts of the police and firemen could do little to stay the course of the flames, which continued to rage until one o'clock. The famous Isezakicho, the theatre street (the veritable Strand of Yokohama), was utterly destroyed, as well as several post-offices and many schools. The fire, it appears, originated in an overheated bath-house in Kumoicho. Dwelling-houses innumerable were swept away, and the damage is estimated at many millions of yen.

That no necessary connection exists between a belief in the innocence of Captain Dreyfus and a desire to boycott the Paris Exhibition has been abundantly proved. Such a boycott was discountenanced even by enthusiastic speakers at the immense meeting held on Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park to express sympathy with Madame Dreyfus. Logically, it is scarcely more reasonable to refuse to send our cottons and chemicals to Paris than it would be for English ladies to show their contempt for the five French officers by reducing the salaries of their children's French governesses or their own French maids.

General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., as Adjutant-General of the Army, visited Aldershot the other day to inspect the gun-carriage newly issued to the cavalry, and to hear the opinion of cavalry officers as to its suitability for the South African service. The particular pattern carriage, examined by Sir Evelyn in all its workings, was that belonging to the 12th Royal Lancers, whose Colonel, the Earl of Airlie, together with General Marshall and other Staff officers, were present at the inspection. Our illustration shows Sir Evelyn Wood in the act of asking General Marshall for his verdict on the gun.



Photo, Knight, &amp; Denham.

GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD INSPECTING A NEW GUN-CARRIAGE.



THE GREAT FIRE AT YOKOHAMA: THE RUINS.



THE GREAT FIRE AT YOKOHAMA: THE DEVASTATED AREA.

Photographs supplied by H. R. Barnard, Yokohama.





RAMBLING SKETCHES: DOVER, WHERE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MET.









SPANIEL FLUSHING A WOODCOCK.



## LADIES' PAGE.

Just at the turn of the year, when it is far too mild for furs, and yet the chill evenings require us to don a wrap that is really protective and not merely a smart decorative finish to the costume, the tweed cape has its charms, especially for wear by the sea or driving in the English lanes. For the land of mists, it is an indispensable garment. The true Scot will not allow the Southerner,



A MODEL FOR AUTUMN.

sojourning in Caledonia stern and wild, to describe anything less than a complete downpour as "rain." "Oh, Parker, is it raining again?" I used to say last autumn in Scotland to the maid, as she drew up the blind, and so, almost each morning, revealed a wind-swept moor draped in a grey driving cloud. "Na, na, Mem, it's juist a wee bit saft the day," would be the half-indignant reply. But what's in a name, indeed! A Scotch cloud, by any name you like to call it, will soak through an ordinary cloth; but meet and treat it with the product of its own wise weavers, and you may keep dry. The Inverness shape is much liked for a driving wrap by women who are fond of taking the reins themselves, since it gives freedom to the hands, with protection to the chest. But for ordinary use a three-quarter length circular, fitting trimly on the shoulders and up to the throat, finished with a storm-collar, and cut to allow ample fullness below the shoulders, so that it can be wrapped well round in facing wind or rain in a "machine," as the Scotch call every description of open conveyance—that is the ideal cape of the present hour in the country.

Tartans are greatly used for capes in tweed. Some of the plaids are of so quiet a blend that nobody could fear to wear it, while others are bright to the degree that pleases the gay and showy modern matron who does not mind being looked at as she goes. The colouring of the genuine clan tartans is often somewhat crude, besides which, strictly speaking, the tartans that indicate a particular clan ought not to be worn by anybody who does not claim kinship by birth or marriage with the clan. On this there can be, however, no absolute rule, and some of the clan tartans are so becoming, and the shades are so prettily combined, that it is hard to resist them. The Gordon is a good green, and the Macdonald an excellent combination of red of a warm but not flaring tone, with green, dark blue, and a little black, all harmonising; the Mackenzie is another admirable tartan, with something like the same colours in it, yet quite distinct in arrangement from the Macdonald; the Mackenzie is dark blue and green with lines of white and red.

The mere modern fancy plaids, that cannot be more or less indignantly claimed from one by the members of a clan, are legion. A brown and white large check, each square crossed with innumerable thread-lines of dark blue, is a good one; the invaluable shepherd's plaid, or black and white check, if in small squares, is

always useful; and blues and greens are combined in many becoming shades. If you wish not to arouse wrath by wearing a tartan to which you have no right, you can always ascertain from a good Scotch house which are the true old clan tartan mixtures, and avoid them. Plaids are to be much introduced into gowns in the coming season, making entire dresses with a mixture of plain cloth, or alternatively plain cloths will have trimming of tartan. The London wholesale houses report that they are making for country orders a great number of skirts in black and white or red and white checks, to wear with plain cloth jackets, but the London tailors themselves consider that mode rather past, for it became quite common in the spring. They are using other plaids in preference to those simple checks accordingly.

White is being made for autumn wear in the needfully warm materials. White serge is much to the fore. A corduroy cloth and a new thick crêpon with its characteristic crinkly surface are new materials, much to be used in white. The return of crêpon is a fully established fact, and another old friend to have a new lease of favour is matelasse, which also is now woven in the popular check fashion very often. Spots figure on many new materials, sometimes in self colours, but sometimes in strong contrast to the grounds, black cashmere in particular coming spotted with silk in bright colours, looking as if embroidered, rose-pink, green, blue, and golden-brown among them. These somewhat conspicuous fabrics are meant rather for portions of the gown than for its entire material. For instance, zouave and under-skirt of the fancy spotted stuff, with plain cloth, velveteen, or cashmere, either in black or matching the spot, for the rest; or a yoke and narrow kilted foot flounce of the spotted material under a pinafore tunic of the plain; will be the manner in which these will be worn.

Those gowns illustrated are both of cloth. The one fastened with barrel buttons is trimmed with an appliqué of velvet cut out into a design and finished off with pipings. Note particularly the one-sided trimming of the bodice, as this is a characteristic of the moment's fashion. The other polonaise is trimmed with bands and pipings of velvet and redeemed from plainness by the important jewelled buttons, such as you can obtain in perfection from the Parisian Diamond Company in London.

There is something trying to most constitutions in the turn of the year, and one token of it is apt to be the falling off of the hair or its breaking short in combing. Capitol, a combination of useful skin-tonics invented by a noted German dermatologist, will be found useful in such cases; it can be had from all good chemists, but if there is any difficulty in procuring it, the London dépôt, 62, New Bond Street, can be applied to for postal delivery. The fluid is not a secret preparation, though, of course, its manufacture is a speciality that could not be copied by anybody; but we are candidly told that the chief ingredients are tannin, which checks the too great secretion from the glands on which the unpleasant condition so fatal to the growth of the hair known as "scurf" depends, and chloral, which destroys the germs that have lately been found to cause baldness.

Here is a sample sent me of what appears to be a useful "non-slipping bootlace." It is called "the Normal," and has a silk finish, while the ends are slightly ribbed in the process of manufacture, this preventing the annoying slipping of the tie in wear. They are in tan and black, and boot as well as shoe laces are manufactured in the "Normal" make.

In the lengthy reports of "the majority" and "the minority" members of the Royal Commission on the Liquor Laws, there are few points to be found on which all the members of the distinguished body seem agreed, but of those few, one is the important proposal that drunkenness *per se* shall be held to afford ground for a separation order being made between man and wife. Under the "Summary Jurisdiction Act, 1895," a wife can now obtain a separation order from her husband in the case of his treating her with "persistent" bodily cruelty, a circumstance which among the working classes only too often accompanies drunken habits. But for drunkenness in itself a wife cannot obtain an order; while the Act in question does not offer any redress to a husband at all, even when a drunken wife adds violence to him or his children to the neglect of every wifely duty. The Royal Commissioners, therefore, propose to add to that Act a provision "That habitual drunkenness shall be treated as persistent cruelty within the meaning of the Act, and shall entitle the wife or husband to separation and protection for themselves and children." That the bare residence under one roof with a habitual drunkard is a most cruel torture, moral if not physical, will not be questioned by anybody who has known the details of such a case, and it is perfectly right that a man should be able to close the doors of his home against a wife who strips it of every comfort and is a curse instead of a true mother to her children—just as it will be a boon to a decent woman to be freed from the degradation and ever-present terror of life with a habitually drunken husband. But, on the other hand, the ever-growing tendency to give this kind of partial divorce in the magistrates' courts, forbidding remarriage to the injured and inoffending party, seems to me to be fraught with social danger. The experiment has hitherto only been tried with innocent wives—if the Commission's recommendation be carried into effect it will be a new departure.

Another recommendation of the Commission might, if adopted, in some cases check the downward course of the inebriate before it was too late. They suggest the establishment of a "black list," the persons on which, having been convicted of drunkenness a certain number of times, should be refused permission to purchase any intoxicating liquors, both the publicans who knowingly serve them and the drinkers themselves being liable to penalties. The Commissioners admit that in large towns this plan could

not be worked, but think that it could be made effective in smaller places—and no doubt it could, where "everybody knows everybody." But the real confirmed inebriate would evade it; those hopeless people will take any risk or trouble, and devise the most wifely plans for getting their poison. A more effective plan would be to pull up the half-submerged by allowing a husband or wife to apply to a magistrate for an order to forbid the sale of intoxicants to a secret drinker not yet lost to all decency or sense of duty. Licensing magistrates could apparently, if they agreed among themselves, make such a rule indirectly. In the small town where I have my country home, the town clerk, a solicitor of the highest respectability, applied recently to the licensing magistrates to refuse the renewal of a license to a certain house on the ground that a dipsomaniac member of his family had been there supplied with liquor after he had given written notice that she was not to have it. Innkeeper and magistrates alike seemed to recognise this as a valid ground of complaint against the management; and the license was only renewed on the plea that a new barmaid had not recognised the messenger who made the purchase. Surely such a check in due season as the power to "prohibit" individuals on due cause being shown, might save some of the marital separations suggested by the Royal Commissioners.

It is a curious moment—the psychological moment of the reconversion of Dreyfus on the evidence we have all read, and of the revival of the delicate sport of bull-fighting—to be chosen for a glorification of the French nation by the President of the Economic section of the British Association. Of course the British matron as a housekeeper was unduly deprecated by this admirer of all things French. It is true that our working girls ought to be better cooks than they are; but it is not true that the Frenchwomen produce as good a table as ours on half the means; they *do* keep house more cheaply, but they *do not* give as good meals for the money. Watery soup, and the meat, a tiny scrap of it boiled to rags, out of the soup, with a quantity of bread, and some one vegetable, often salad only, make a dinner for the French small tradesman; but it is not nearly so good a dinner as the one of the English home of corresponding standing. A good slice of plainly roasted, boiled, or grilled meat eaten with a large supply of green vegetables and potatoes, accompanied with plain gravy, and followed by a farinaceous milk-pudding or fruit-pie, such as the homely British housewife makes, is the better meal and makes the better man. At least, "them's my notions, wheerby I means to stick." When Englishmen are ready to live on slops and uncooked green-stuffs, dried grains, and yards of bread, no doubt their



ANOTHER SEASONABLE COSTUME.

womenfolk will manage to prepare the meal—and then perhaps Englishmen will be capable of what Frenchmen now are! Just in the same way "went on" a speaker last week at the Vegetarian Congress. He said Americans and Australians ate the most meat of any nation, and Italians the least—of any not actual vegetarians; and he wants to make the meat-eating races he named like the Italians in energy, ability, and character! Surely "comment is needless." PILOMENA.





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A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.



## WILLS AND REQUESTS.

The will (dated April 10, 1885), with four codicils, two dated April 10, 1885, and the others April 9, 1886, and Jan. 20, 1897), of Sir James Robert Walker, Bart., of 41, Belgrave Square, and of Sand Hutton, York, M.P. for Beverley 1859-65, who died on June 12, was proved on Sept. 11 by Arthur Duncombe and Wilfrid Forbes Home Thomson, the executors, the value of the estate being £86,177. Under the provisions of the will of his father, Sir James Walker, he appoints the sum of £60,000 between his younger children in such proportions that the shares of his sons shall be half as much again as the shares of his daughters, and he charges the settled family estates with the payment of a jointure of £2000 for his wife, Lady Louisa Susan Marlborough Heron Walker, and of £30,000 for division between his younger children, in like shares as those of the sum of £60,000. He gives £200 each to his executors; £2000 and all his furniture, pictures, plate, and household effects and wines to his wife, and the ultimate residue of his property to his younger children, his sons' shares to be half as much again as those of his daughters.

The will (dated March 21, 1899) of Mr. Robert Gurney Hoare, of Jesmond Park, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, one of the partners of the banking firm of Hodgkin, Burnett, Peace, Spence, and Co., who died on May 22, was proved at the Newcastle District Registry on Aug. 9 by Mrs. Annie Hoare, the widow, Sir Samuel Hoare, Bart., M.P., and Charles Richard Gurney Hoare, the brothers, and Robert Basil Hoare and Edward Barclay Hoare, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £69,196. The testator's son, Robert Basil Hoare, having been admitted a partner in the bank, provisions are made for the leaving of capital therein, and for the payment during the lifetime of Mrs. Hoare, of £300 per annum each to his sons, except his son Robert Basil. He gives £100 to his daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Emily Hoare; £500 to his wife; £100 to his coachman, Robert Bird; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her decease he gives £10,000 each to his children, an extra £5000 to his eldest son, Robert Basil, and the ultimate residue between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated July 25, 1892), with a codicil (dated Dec. 2, 1897), of Dame Evelyn Emily Grenfell, wife of General Sir Francis Wallace Grenfell, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Governor of Malta, of 16, Stratford Place, who died on June 21, was proved on Sept. 8 by Sir Francis Grenfell, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £63,991. Under the provisions of her marriage settlement, and subject to the life interest of her husband therein, she appoints to him 16, Stratford Place and stables; to her sister Mrs. Janet Little Shade £5000, upon trust, for her and her children; and to her sister Mrs. Constantia Eleanor Fane the income for life of the residue of such funds, and at her death as to two thirds for her son Henry Neville Fane, and one third between her daughters. Her residuary estate she leaves to her husband.



The solid silver cup of the "Georgian Period" figured above was given by Lord Wolverton to the Royal Dorset Yacht Club for the Ocean Race 1869 Regatta. The cup was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

The will (dated March 28, 1893) of Mr. Samuel Weymouth Hopwood, of Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, who died on July 26, was proved on Sept. 4 by James Thomas Hopwood and Charles Henry Hopwood, Q.C., the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate being £62,545. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the National Life-Boat Institution; £2000 to his brother, John George Hopwood; £2000 to his nephew, John Rowland Hopwood; £1000 each to the children of his brothers, James Thomas and Walter William, except his nephew, John Rowland; £500 to his friend, Charles Leuchcroft; £200 each to Mrs. Hesketh and Mrs. Denwell, and 20 guineas to Edwin Bell. His residuary estate is to be divided in equal shares between his brothers, James Thomas, Charles Henry, and Walter William.

The will and codicil (both dated July 13, 1899) of Mr. William Stiff, of The London Pottery, Lambeth, and of The Laurels, 61, South Side, Clapham Common, who died on July 19, were proved on Sept. 11 by Sydney James Stiff and Horace William Stiff, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £45,464. The testator gives £400 and all his interest in the London Pottery to his son Sydney James; £200 and an annuity of £600 during widowhood, or of £300 should she again marry, to his wife, Mrs. Anne Louisa Stiff; £50 to the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Upton Chapel, Lambeth; £100 each to Miss Sarah Hall, James Baxter, George Walter Wilkins, and James Sheen; and £50 to Alfred Mitchell. He directs that the property coming to him under the will of his father, subject to the life interest of Mrs. Lucy Stiff, shall be divided among his

surviving children. The residue of his property he leaves as to six twenty-fourths each to his sons, Horace William and Alfred Thomas, and three twenty-fourths each to his daughters, Ethel Mary, Hilda Sarah, Mary Helena, and Eleanor Winifred.

The will (dated April 17, 1894), with two codicils (dated Nov. 5, 1895, and May 7, 1897), of Mrs. Catherine Maria Vaughan, of Llandaff House, Weybridge, widow of the late Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Sept. 7 by Edward Vaughan Thompson, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £25,923. The testatrix bequeaths the ready money in the house and at her bankers, and all her furniture, pictures, plate, jewels, carriages and horses to the Earl of Stamford; £100 to her executor; £2000 and £2558 Consols to Mary Drummond; and she appoints her share and interest in an indenture of arrangement, subject to the life interest of her sister-in-law Mrs. Stanley, to Mary Drummond, in grateful recognition of her kindness to her deceased brother, the late Dean of Westminster. She devises certain lands in Anglesey, which she became entitled to as heiress-at-law of her late brother, to follow the like trusts, as of those of an indenture made in 1832. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Eliza Dolly Stanley, for life, and at her death as to £1000 each to Charles John Mann and Arthur Mann, and the ultimate residue, upon trust, to pay two thirds thereof to Emma Isabella Rowe, and the remaining one third to Mary Catherine Mann.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1895), with a codicil (dated March 13, 1899), of the Rev. Thomas Loxham, M.A., of the Rectory, Great Lever, near Bolton, who died on April 20, has been proved by Arthur Thomas Holden and George Hesketh, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,497. The testator gives £2400, upon trust, for the erection of a narrow steeple at St. Bartholomew's Church, Great Bolton; £100 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the National Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Deaf and Dumb Schools (Old Trafford), and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; and a few legacies to relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to £8000, upon trust, for the erection of a church at Rishton Lane, Great Lever, upon land belonging to Lord Bradford; and the ultimate residue, upon trust, at the absolute discretion of his executors, for such church and the spiritual advantage and welfare of the congregation worshipping there.

The will (dated March 25, 1893) of Mr. John Brown Izon, of Nab Scar, Leamington, Warwick, who died on May 18, was proved at the Birmingham District Registry on Aug. 21 by John Alexander Izon, the son, Quintus Charles Colmore, and Mrs. Amy Frances Jane Alexander, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £20,712. Subject to legacies of £50 each to his stepdaughters, Florence Daniels and Amy Frances Jane Alexander, and of £100 to his executor, Mr. Colmore, the testator leaves all his property to his son absolutely.

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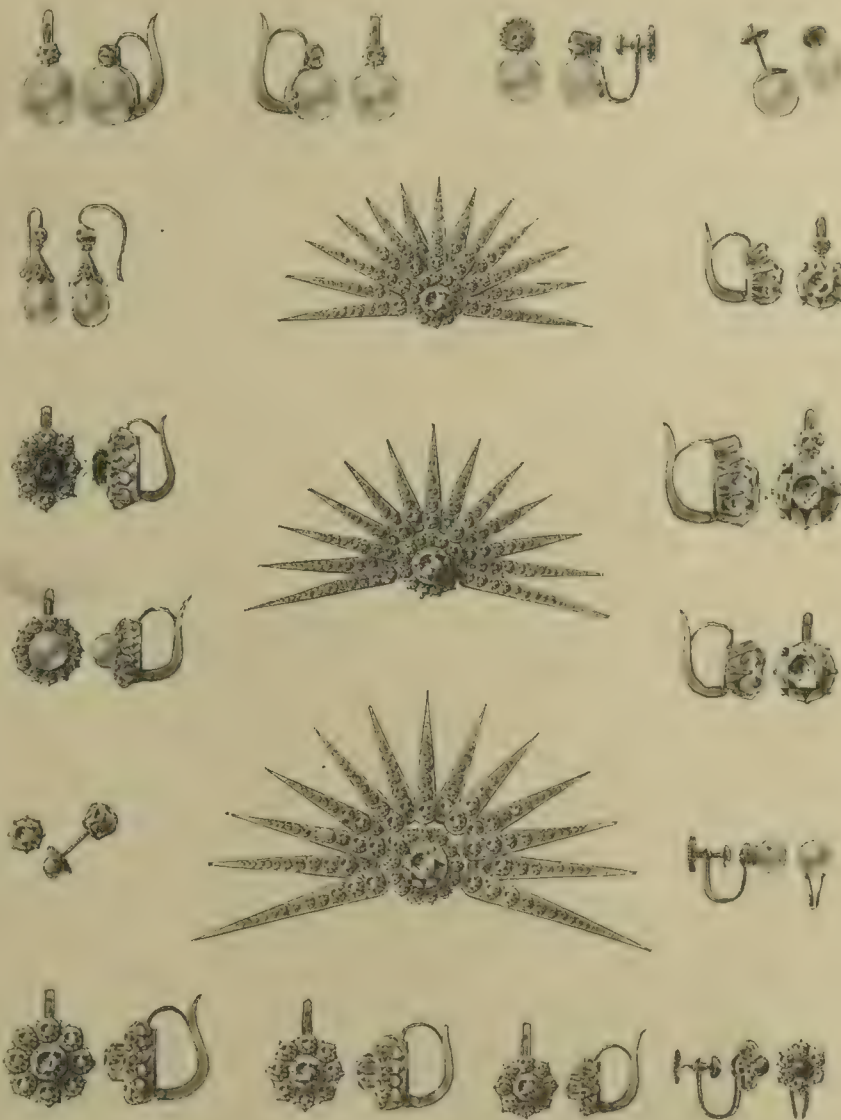
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## WENNA POLWENNA.

BY NORA HOPPER.

Wenna Polwenna, the elder, kept a fruit-shop in a Cornish fishing-village—a small and crowded shop, with a meeting-house on one side of it and a great glaring gin-palace on the other; and Wenna did a good business with miners and fishermen, and they said her stocking was full. But no man had been bold enough to ask her to marry again, for common repute held Wenna for a witch, and no white witch at that.

'Twas said in Westoe that strange things were bought and sold in her small, breathless shop, where the air smelt always of apples, and paid for in strange ways: sometimes into the wrinkled hand or dirty apron of old Wenna, sometimes into the pretty brown palm of young Wenna, her daughter.

Young Wenna was very fair to see: she was a brown girl with leaf-brown hair, and black eyebrows often knitted over her large light-grey eyes, for young Wenna had her mother's own temper; and that Westoe people said "was the Old One's"; but still young Wenna was very fair to see, and her lips were as ripe and soft as a cherry that has seen the sun.

I, coming to Westoe to paint its ruined castle, heard of young Wenna's beauty and devilry, and old Wenna's devilry and ugliness, and went down one summer evening to the little shop to buy some fruit and to see with my own eyes. Old Wenna was nowhere to be seen, but young Wenna was serving behind the counter, and her pretty hands were stained with the juice of the red currants she was selling.

"Currans, apples, strawberries?" She held up a handful each of the first and last, and looked at me with laughter in her grey eyes.

"White currants," I said. Wenna shook her head as she weighed out a pound of black cherries for a boy.

"Wenna, she sells nothin' that's white," piped the boy at me. "Not even white cherries—no, my dear saul, she don't." Wenna threw an over-ripe cherry at him, and it broke upon his cheek, leaving a purple stain there. And her eyes blazed as if she would have liked the fruit to be a stone. The boy made off, laughing.

"Not even white witchin'," he shouted from the door, and scampered off chuckling.

"Mun's a fool," said a girl standing at the counter eating cherries; "but sence the world's spoke, Wenna, dear life, witta let me have the powder? 'Tis none too late to try it."

"Thou'rt a fool, too, Alice," said the fruit-seller, busying herself in a deep drawer behind the counter that seemed to be full to overflowing with packets of seeds, small packets and large, and some almost infinitesimal.

One of these very small packages she drew out and tossed across the counter to the girl Alice, receiving nothing in payment that I could see. Then, as the girl snatched it up and put it into her bosom, Wenna laughed and asked—

"Is it for Nat or Willy, for you named no names, Alice?"

"I'm namen' none now," the girl Alice cried angrily, throwing down a shilling, and she ran out of the shop, muttering to herself as she went. Wenna Polwenna turned again to me.

"White currans I haven't got; but there's red enough an' to spare. Witta have red ones?"

I nodded. "Red currants will do—and a pound of black as well."

A man at the end of the little shop laughed out suddenly.

"Wenna 'll serve you wi' those fast enough," he said. "Them's the Old One's colours, they du say. Is ta true, Wenna Polwenna?"

Wenna laughed.

"Maybe, You should be askin' mammy that, Lell Trewavas," she said. "An' what are you wantin' to-night?"

"You know well enough," he said, coming forward from the dusk into the light, a tall and comely lad in a fisherman's jersey, stained with hard weather and much mended.

"How do I know? You don't know yourself, Lell," she retorted. There was passion in the two young faces looking at one another, and I saw that both had forgotten me, and drew back a step.

"I want—" The boy's blue eyes looked deep into the girl's grey eyes, and he put his hand out and softly touched Wenna's bosom, curving exquisitely under her torn red bodice. "I want this—or these," and his fingers dropped to a bunch of dull blue berries that were stuck in her belt.

"I can't—I daren't," Wenna said. "You must give me one or the other."

"Tell, they call me the Old One's wean."

"I don't care."

"I do care," Wenna's eyes flashed brilliantly into his, "an' you 'll get the berries." Both hands trembled a little, the fruit-stained hand which gave and the sunburnt and rope-blistered hand which took.

"I'll buy them, then," he said, "I'll not have them as a gift, Wenna," and he threw a string of fish on the counter. "They're fresh caught to-night."

"Mammy 'll cook them for supper, Lell. Good-night," Wenna said, with drooping eyelids.

"Good-night, child wean."

Then she turned to me, with a somewhat dazed look in her beautiful eyes. "Red currans, yes, an' black. An' are you for gooseberries, Sir, or will you be for some flowers? Poppies, now . . . or gipsy-roses?"

"You haven't any more berries?" I asked; and she changed colour suddenly and dreadfully.

"No; I have poppies for my fancy lads, but dwale berries for only one man," she said, looking at me with eyes that narrowed like a snake's about to strike. "Will you have a poppy, Sir?"

She smiled now, and I drew back, suddenly afraid of her.

"Maybe you'll go into the room behind the shop, Sir. Mammy 'll be glad to see you, an' she's finer things to sell than ever cross this counter."

"Flesh and blood, I suppose?" I said, paying her hastily. "No, I don't want any."

I went out from the apple-tainted air and drew a deep breath of the sweet evening. Wenna watched me from the doorway, smiling her inviting smile. I threw away the fruit I had bought—I think it would have poisoned me—and the next morning I left Westoe. I avoided Cornish local papers for the next month or so, therefore I never knew whether those dwale berries worked out Lell Trewavas' redemption or no. Almost I hope they did. I met a Westoe man the other day, and he tells me the ill-omened little shop has been pulled down, and is in process of rebuilding as a registry office. And old Wenna and young Wenna have gone beyond seas. I wonder where they are plying their uncanny trades now?

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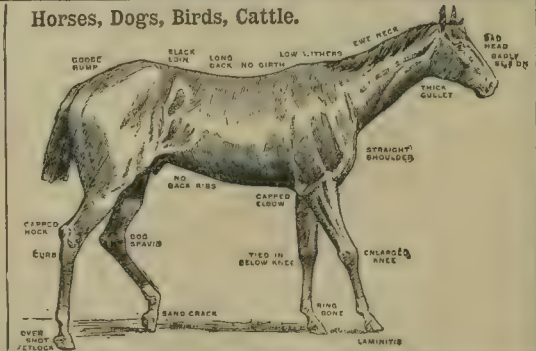
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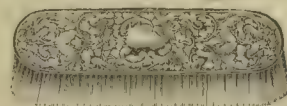
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**"KING JOHN" ON THE STAGE.**

We mean, of course, the "King John" of Shakspeare, though that dramatic creation was by no means the first "King John" known to the English drama. Did not Bishop Bale, who died in 1563, pen a play upon the subject? To be sure he did, and it is extant, though there is nothing to prove that it was ever actually performed. Then there is "The Troublesome Reign of King John"—first represented, probably, in or about 1590—on which Shakspeare obviously based his work. This "Troublesome Reign" seems to have been genuinely popular, for there were at least three editions of it printed between 1596 and 1622. Then, again, there was that play by Robert Davenport, performed as early as, if not earlier than, 1639, which devoted itself mainly to the King's base courtship and eventual poisoning of Matilda Fitzwater, the daughter of one of his own Barons.

It is not with any one of these three plays that the modern theatre-goer has to do. For him they are dead; and for him, too, even Shakspeare's "King John" has been dead, practically, for a quarter of a century. It is true that Mr. Tree, who is now to be seen as King John at Her Majesty's, performed the part one afternoon a decade ago. And not only did Mr. Tree appear then as the King; Miss Amy Roselle, now no longer with us, impersonated the unhappy mother of Prince Arthur; and the young Prince Arthur himself was in the capable hands of poor Miss Norreys, one of the few lady players of the new generation who had a touch of genius. But then, all this was only on one afternoon, and only at the Crystal Palace; so that it can scarcely be said to have appealed seriously to Metropolitan play-lovers. It would seem that no fewer than twenty-six years have elapsed since the "King John" of Shakspeare was brought out formally at a West-End theatre. That theatre was the Queen's, then

under the direction of Miss Marie Litton. The King on that occasion was the late Mr. William Creswick; the Hubert, the late Mr. John Ryder; the Faulconbridge, Mr. George Rignold (now at the Antipodes); and the Dauphin, Mr. Edgar Bruce (erewhile "The Colonel" in Mr. Burnand's play).

"King John" has never been accounted one of the most generally attractive of the plays of Shakspeare; yet we have records of some twenty productions of the piece in the half-century between 1823 and 1873. This may be regarded as the modern period of its career. It was in 1823 that Macready first impersonated King John. It was in 1836 that Miss Helen Faucit—a girl of seventeen!—first figured as the mother of Arthur. Phelps played Hubert at Drury Lane in 1842, and the King at Sadler's Wells in 1844 (with Mrs. Warner as Constance). The popular G. V. Brooke, touring the provinces in 1846 and 1847, enacted Faulconbridge in the former year, and King John in the latter. And who, think you, played Prince Arthur to Brooke's King? Why, no less a personage than the then youthful Miss Marie Wilton, since so famous as Mrs. (and as Lady) Bancroft. The history of "King John" on the boards of late is full of such interesting incidents. When Charles Kean revived the play in 1852, his Prince Arthur was little Miss Kate Terry; and when the work was again revived at the same theatre in 1858, little Kate was replaced in the part by her little sister Ellen. This in itself is sufficient to endear "King John" to the middle-aged playgoer of to-day.

Among living representatives of King John on the boards may be named Mr. Hermann Vezin, who sustained the character at the Surrey Theatre just forty years ago. At the Haymarket Theatre in 1865 (when Walter Montgomery played John), the rôle of Blanch in this play was sustained by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), then fresh from the provinces. The same part was taken in the same year,

but at a different theatre, by the late Miss Rose Leclercq; it was also enacted at the Standard shortly after by the late Miss Sarah Thorne. Mr. Henry Lorraine, the tragedian who died only a few weeks ago, was King John in a revival of the piece at Leeds in 1866; while Mr. Gladstone's "favourite actor," Mr. W. H. Pennington of "Light Brigade" fame—was King John at the Marylebone Theatre in 1871. It will be seen that Shakspeare's "John" has many points of contact with what is best in recent English acting.

Curiously enough, the stage history of "King John" does not begin till well on in the eighteenth century. Meres mentions it in his list of plays known in 1598; but after that it is unheard of until 1737, when it was produced by Rich at Covent Garden. Even then its resurrection was, so to speak, accidental. Colley Cibber had written and offered to the Drury Lane manager a species of adaptation of Shakspeare's play which he called "Papal Tyranny in the Days of King John," and for which he was soundly rated by the critics. Why not let us have (said they) the original play instead of this impudent perversion of it? "Why not?" thought Rich; and so "King John" came into new life upon the national stage. It was not very brilliantly performed by Rich's players; but in 1745 the great Garrick and the scarcely less great Mrs. Cibber appeared upon the scene, giving to the London playgoing world probably the finest King John and Lady Constance ever witnessed. Nine years later Garrick impersonated Faulconbridge, but with less success. By and by came, in due succession, the King Johns of Henderson, J. P. Kemble, Cooke, and Edmund Kean; the Lady Constances of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill; the Faulconbridges of Charles Kemble and of Wallack. It will be admitted that, though the play has not for many years been in the repertory of Shakspearean "star" actors, it has quite a notable past to look back upon and boast of.



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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Gore complains that Lord Halifax is speaking in the name of the English Church Union. He says: "When the President of the Union had a united body behind him he could speak more or less freely in the name of the Union on the lines of the common agreement. Now he has a body plainly divided on certain matters, and this renders necessary a much more deliberate attempt to ascertain the real mind of the branches before any public utterance is made by the President; this, I mean, is necessary if those who do not agree with the President's own opinion in certain respects are to be retained."

Lord Halifax writes on Mrs. Humphry Ward's letter to the *Times*, in which she claims room for Unitarians in the Church of England. He says that "such toleration will never be given. To do so would be to sap the foundation which gives Catholic doctrine the extraordinary force and attraction of which Mrs. Ward speaks." Lord Halifax

further argues from Mrs. Ward's letter that what is aimed at by the present agitation is not the use of incense or lights, but the practice and habit of confession and the mass.

The Bishop of St. Asaph is of opinion that the gravest question before the Church is the supply of candidates for holy orders. He is particularly anxious that the number of University men who seek holy orders should be increased.

A writer in the *Guardian* says that the middle classes are characterised by apathy on every subject, tempered only at times by an unhealthy and undisciplined curiosity. "The average middle class man goes with a certain regularity to Matins on Sunday, and criticises, probably without understanding, a very indifferent sermon; Communism he leaves to his wife, except, perhaps, at Easter. As regards practical religion, it is to be feared that in daily life it is practically non-existent." He goes on to say that

young men have almost universally lost belief in a future life.

The Laymen's League is preparing for a vigorous Parliamentary campaign, and the lay pressure exercised within Parliament as well as in the constituencies, is steadily increasing. Mr. Walter Long has received what amounts to a vote of no confidence from his committee on account of his resistance to the Church Discipline Bill, although Mr. Long professes Low Church opinions.

One of the most successful books of the season has been Messrs. Rowntree and Shirewell's work on the Temperance Problem and Social Reform. It has gone into a fourth large edition.

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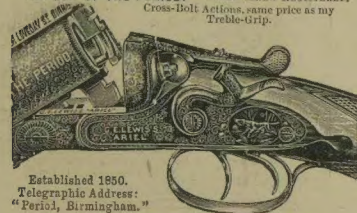
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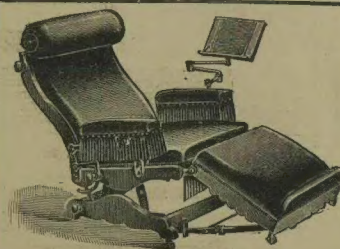
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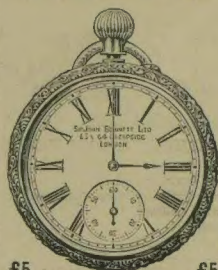
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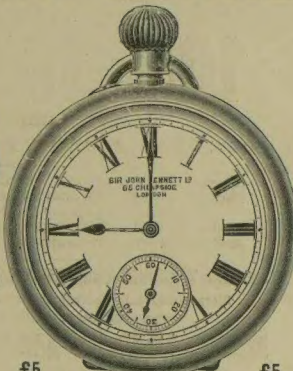
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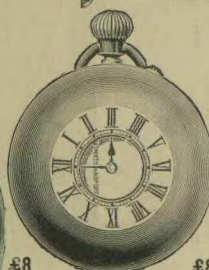
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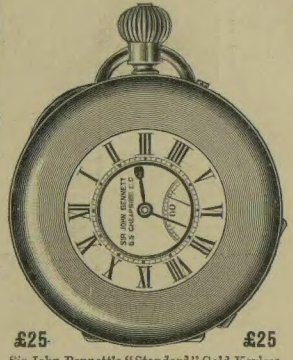
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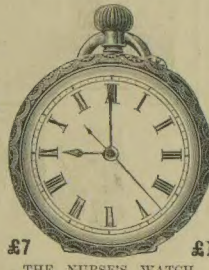
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| 7 9     | " 5 2   | 2 14 | 0     | 10 11   | " 7 11  | 5 6  | 0     | 12 11   | " 9 6   | 7 4   | 0     | 12 4    | " 10 7  | 7 11 | 0     |
| 7 6     | " 6 3   | 2 17 | 0     | 11 5    | " 7 3   | 5 7  | 0     | 12 4    | " 10 2  | 7 14  | 0     | 12 11   | " 10 2  | 7 14 | 0     |
| 9 6     | " 6 0   | 3 6  | 0     | 12 4    | " 7 9   | 5 12 | 0     | 13 1    | " 9 11  | 8 7   | 0     | 13 11   | " 10 1  | 9 0  | 0     |
| 8 7     | " 7 0   | 3 10 | 0     | 11 5    | " 9 0   | 6 0  | 0     | 14 11   | " 10 8  | 9 6   | 0     | 14 0    | " 11 6  | 10 6 | 0     |
| 8 10    | " 7 1   | 3 13 | 0     | 12 2    | " 7 11  | 6 3  | 0     | 14 11   | " 12 2  | 10 12 | 0     | 15 4    | " 12 3  | 11 0 | 0     |
| 9 5     | " 7 3   | 4 4  | 0     | 11 10   | " 8 3   | 6 4  | 0     | 15 4    | " 12 3  | 11 0  | 0     | 15 11   | " 11 7  | 11 6 | 0     |
| 10 4    | " 7 5   | 4 14 | 0     | 12 8    | " 8 1   | 6 5  | 0     |         |         |       |       |         |         |      |       |
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| 11 0    | " 8 0   | 5 2  | 0     | 11 10   | " 9 5   | 6 10 | 0     |         |         |       |       |         |         |      |       |
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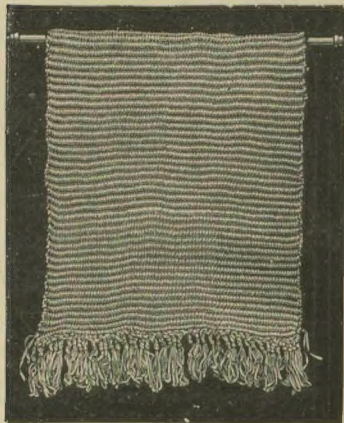
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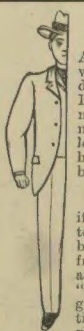
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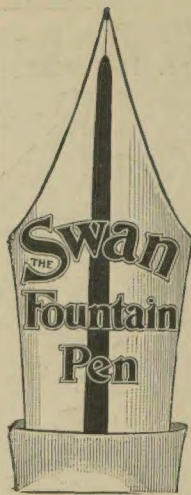
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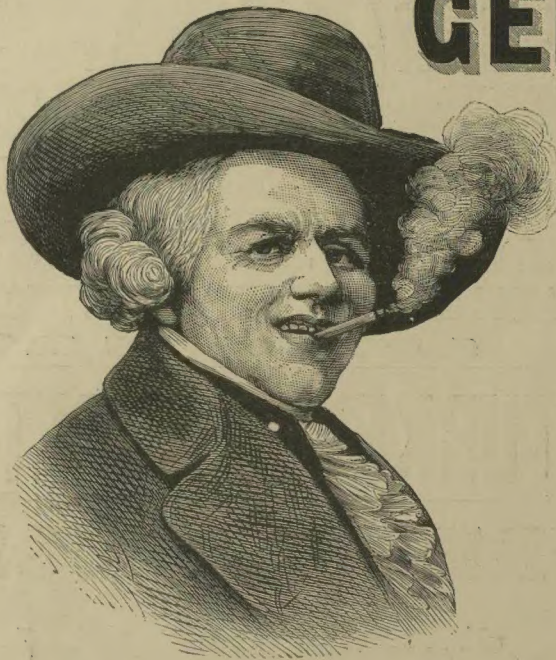
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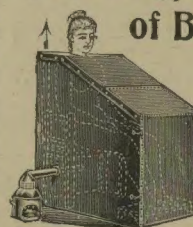
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